

See "PRINCE KAHLMAN'S EXPERIMENTS," by Cleveland Moffett, and "THE FREE-COINAGE SCHEME IS IMPRACTICABLE AT EVERY POINT," by Professor W. G. Sumner, in this issue.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY



ILLUSTRATED

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OUR GALLERY OF STATUES—XIII.



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THOU SHALT NOT STEAL.

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ARKELL WEEKLY COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors,
No. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

SEPTEMBER 10, 1896.

We are always glad to have any of our contemporaries transfer to their column articles of interest from LESLIE'S WEEKLY, giving proper credit to the WEEKLY. We especially desire to call the attention of our exchanges to the able series on the financial question, and shall be very much gratified to see our exchanges quote liberally from them, and shall be pleased to receive marked copies of their newspapers. Specially attractive inducements will be made to newspapers which will secure clubbing subscriptions for LESLIE'S during the campaign.

War upon Property.



E have said before, and we now repeat, that the principles of the Chicago platform, carried to their ultimate conclusion, would amount to a war upon property—a menace to thrift and industry and that spirit of accumulation which lies at the basis of all individual and national growth and prosperity. That this characterization of the platform is correct becomes more and more apparent as the candidates nominated upon it explain its meaning and the purposes they have in view. Mr. Bryan, who may be supposed to understand the motives which influence and the aims which govern his following, has lost no opportunity to assault the so-called rich. He preaches everywhere, and upon all occasions, the doctrine that the well-to-do, the provident, the thrifty, are in some way the plunderers and the oppressors of their less fortunate fellows. In other words, he holds that thrift and economy, and the well-directed industry which leads to competence, are an offense against the indolent, the improvident, and the careless classes—against those who have no desire to accumulate, and who are indifferent to the use of their opportunities in life; and that the latter owe it to themselves to throw off the oppression of the favored class.

Practically every expounder of the Chicago platform displays the same spirit of hostility toward those who, having some actual stake in the public welfare, refuse to enlist under the free-silver flag. Thus, Senator Jones, the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, declares in a public appeal that his party is engaged in a struggle "for the defense of the plain people against the encroachments of the favored classes"; and he goes on in an effort to inflame the passions of the multitude, denouncing in the most violent terms the so-called fortunate classes as tyrants who seek to destroy "liberty and self-government," and whose overthrow, he declares, must be accomplished at whatever cost.

These interpretations of the Populistic-Democratic platform by its makers are not needed to demonstrate that it proposes a deliberate crusade against property. Every man who is free from prejudice must see that the free-coinage policy would, as we have repeatedly said, confiscate almost fifty per cent. of the accumulated savings of the working classes of this country, and would wipe out almost fifty per cent. of the face value of every life-insurance and fire-insurance policy. Now, every dollar of savings, every dollar invested in the form of life or fire-insurance policies represents a property value of one dollar in the currency of the world. The life policy is a basis of security for the future; it is so much property in reversion, and any programme which proposes to obliterate or impair its value amounts to a policy of plunder and spoliation. The same thing is true of every other form of accumulation which comes as the result of industry and sagacity in the utilization of the individual skill and of the opportunities of life.

Another evidence that this platform represents the sentiment of hostility to property is found in the fact that behind it are arrayed all the destructive forces of our society—every man with a grievance, every man who desires to possess himself of what belongs to others, every man who has a contempt for law, every man who regards all ordinary restraints of civilized society as an invasion of his individual right to do as he pleases, all the discontented and riotous and evil-disposed—these are found shouting to-day for Bryan and Sewall, and demanding that every bulwark of the social order, and every institution which has been a means of defense of individual and corporate rights, shall be broken down. The amazing thing is that a great many citizens who have themselves something at stake in this crisis, and who would not care to be branded as conspirators against the public peace and the social order, are looking with complacency upon this conspiracy against the interests of the great body of our people. Undoubtedly, a large proportion of the men who believe in free silver coinage are honest in their conviction. They are unable to see that it is simply the mask behind which the disturbing elements of our civilization have massed themselves for assault upon our most sacred and venerable institutional forms. A majority of them, if they could be brought to see what must be the ultimate and certain outcome of the full operation of the principles laid down in the Chicago platform, would shrink from its support. To them and to all others who desire to be considered as right-minded citizens we beg to commend the consideration that this whole demon-

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stration against the more fortunate classes and against the means and methods by which they have come to larger prosperity, in contempt of all our traditions, is a demonstration which sooner or later will overwhelm even its promoters with disaster. It is against common sense. It is against human nature. It antagonizes the lessons of history and the teachings of the ages. The effort of men in all times has been to acquire, and the aim of society has been to buttress the acquisitions of the individual and of communities against violence and invasion. The wisdom and conscience of the world is against this new gospel of rapine and plunder. Every man whose name looms out of the past with the splendors of wise utterance and great achievements taught a different and nobler gospel. Among most people the opinion of Abraham Lincoln on any subject whatever will perhaps command as reverent consideration as that of Mr. Bryan. He was born of the people, nurtured in the lap of poverty, and made his way to eminence by simple and loyal fidelity to conscientious convictions in harmony with the best conceptions of personal and public duty. He was not in any sense of the word the apologist of the rich; he had no alliance with the capitalistic interest, which in his day, as in ours, exercised more or less influence in affairs. He represented simply the common people, and, speaking from that standpoint, this is the language which he employed in defining the relations of property and labor, and the duty of the individual to respect the rights of the successful and prosperous:

"Property is the fruit of labor. Property is desirable, is a positive good in the world. That some should be rich shows that others may become rich, and hence is encouragement to industry and enterprise. Let no man who is homeless pull down the house of another, but let him work diligently and build one for himself, thus, by example, assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when it is built."

In these sentences we have a statement of the whole philosophy of individual duty in the social relation. We cannot but believe that the great body of working people of this country will prefer this philosophy to that which is embodied in the Chicago platform, and which, if successfully carried out, will introduce chaos and disintegration into our whole social and industrial system.

The Old-fashioned Home.



CROSS the seas is heard the cry that English men and English women are becoming too Americanized, that they are traveling too much, and that the home as the English have long known it is merely the stopping-place between journeys and visits. On this side of the water there are articles and discussions and recommendations, all trying to convince everybody that the bird-of-passage life is not the happiest one, and the delights of the vine and fig-tree are exploited anew. Along with this outburst of criticism is the epidemic of cynical comment upon the new conditions which the alleged new woman is creating in domestic affairs. In its exhaustless search for the curious and the sensational the end-of-the-century journalism is throwing interesting side lights upon the general problem, and from the numerous instances which some future historian may use to illustrate the life of the present day as found in the newspapers, we take one from a Southern and one from a Northern city, both recent.

Both come from the police courts. In the Southern city a wife had her husband arrested for disorderly conduct. In her candid explanation to the magistrate she said that for seventeen years she had been earning the family wages and that her husband did the cooking, attended to the house, and took care of the children. She admitted that he did the work satisfactorily. But he asked for a small pittance at the end of each week and she objected to giving it to him. For some time, however, she yielded, but when she found that he spent it for beer she had him arrested. The magistrate sent him to jail, but before the month was out the wife came sorrowfully and asked for his release, saying that she found it impossible to get along without him, and the law obligingly permitted the man to return to his household duties. The other case was in Pittsburg. The new woman did not like the supper her meek and humble husband had prepared, and after upbraiding him with all the resources of her vigorous vocabulary, picked up a plate and, hitting him on the head, felled him to the floor. He had her arrested, and the magistrate not only fined her ten dollars and costs, but expressed the somewhat orthodox opinion that finding fault with the meals was a privilege confined exclusively to the man of the house. Of course the comment on both of these cases—in the aggregate it has amounted to hundreds of columns, and much of it appeared in papers of character and influence—was flippant, but like the most of the comment on the new woman or the new man, as the person in both of the instances named was called, it showed a very unanimous and a very evident detestation of any change in the old order of things.

Some persons call the opposition to the various new creatures prejudice. Possibly it is. A showy woman has a right to dress herself in bloomers and ride a bicycle in the

public highways, but few people who see her would like to claim relationship. A great deal is being claimed for the bicycle: it will kill prejudice; it will free woman from skirts; it will realize the perfect equality of the sexes, and all that sort of thing. As a matter of fact, the bicycle is a wonderfully useful and wonderfully popular means of locomotion, and modest people can ride it with propriety and profit, and more of them will ride it every day; but even the bicycle cannot alter the unalterable. The average of humanity is neither judged nor seriously influenced by the freaks, and there never has been nor will there ever be either sympathy or respect for the "new" persons who court notoriety not from conviction but from vanity.

It all comes back to the old-fashioned home, and John Howard Payne's words ring in the hearts of all good men and women. The modern home is physically different, but the same old-fashioned feeling is there. Once Henry Grady went back to his own home for a visit. When his mother saw how tired he was from work and worry she put him to bed just as she used to do when he was a boy. The big man hid his head in the pillow and sobbed like a baby. All the love and tenderness of the long years were surging through his head and heart. It is the home sentiment which makes everything that is worth living for. Bismarck has said that the only happiness he has ever had has been in his home, and he stands as the man who has accomplished more and greater things than any living person.

Of course in many of the cities it is practically impossible to realize the old-fashioned home. Flats are not made for sentiment, and yet they hold human hearts. But it would be a mistake to suppose that the homes of the country, with their old-fashioned ideas, even if many of the shingles are new, are decreasing. The census shows that the average family is getting better and larger shelter every year. All around the centres of population are being built beautiful cottages and lovely mansions. The architectural quality of the American home is constantly improving, and there is far more privacy than there used to be. Directly a man makes a success in the world his thoughts turn to a home in the country to which he may invite troops of friends to enjoy his hospitality. The old-fashioned home had more informality, but the home of to-day has just as much love and reverence and happiness, to which must be added all the comforts of these modern days.

McKinley's Acceptance.

MAJOR MCKINLEY's letter of acceptance is worthy of himself and of the cause for which he stands. No clearer or more impressive statement of the issues which are now before the people has been made, or will be made, during this canvass. The discussion of the question of free silver coinage and of its relation to the public prosperity is especially clear and forcible. The letter throughout makes a noble appeal to the patriotism and intelligence of the people, and it stands in marked contrast with the passionate appeals of the Democratic candidate to partisan prejudice and passion. We shall not attempt to analyze it. It should be read by every American voter. We cannot conceive how any fair-minded man can rise from its perusal without a conviction that the principles embodied in the Chicago platform are a most serious menace to every substantial interest, and that the policies of which Major McKinley is the champion are essential to the preservation of the national honor and the restoration of the national prosperity.

Two Kinds of Men.

WHILE the seizure of the Democratic organization by the Populistic-socialistic elements, and the chaos and confusion which have resulted therefrom, have evolved some remarkable exhibitions of personal hypocrisy and indifference to principle and to consistency, these peculiar condi-

tions have also brought to light illustrations of high-minded devotion to principle, without regard to partisan considerations, which are well calculated to strengthen one's faith in human nature and stimulate confidence in the triumph of the cause of sound money and genuine patriotism. There are few Democrats in the country who have ranked higher in the service of their party, or have conferred more distinction upon it, as well

as upon that branch of the public service with which they have been identified, than Hon. Edward J. Phelps, our former minister to England. Mr. Phelps is not only a gentleman of the highest personal character, but a man of conspicuous ability and supreme conscientiousness of purpose. He is a thorough believer in the principles and policies of the Democratic party, as they were embodied in past legislation. He has had no sympathy at all with the doctrines and policy of the Republican party. Under ordinary conditions there is nothing which would induce him to abandon the Democratic flag and enlist under that of any party which antagonizes it. But, regarding the pending Presi-



EDWARD J. PHELPS.

dential election as involving a dangerous crisis, he has, with equal promptness and decision, lifted his voice in protest against the attitude which his party has assumed, and summoned all men who believe with him that sound money and honest finance are essential to the national prosperity as well as to the preservation of the national honor, to unite in support of the Republican candidates. In a recent letter which has attracted wide attention he states with great force and clearness the duty of honest Democrats to repudiate the principles and policies of the Chicago platform, which, as he alleges, is absolutely and unconditionally un-Democratic. There is no conceivable consideration, he argues, which can justify any Democrat who believes in the doctrines of the party as heretofore held in giving countenance or support to theories which have "conducted the few small countries that have experimented with them into hopeless embarrassments of finance and business." He concludes his letter with a distinct and manly avowal of his purpose, not only to vote for Major McKinley, but for the local candidates of the Republican party in the State in which he lives. We quote as follows:

"I shall therefore vote for Mr. McKinley. I am not a Republican and I never shall be. I do not believe in protection and I shall never be converted to it. But in the throes of a deadly malady I cannot afford to reject the only physician who is in a situation to help me, because his political opinions are different from mine, or even because I think there are better physicians than he, if they could only be had in time. I shall go further, and shall vote at the September election for the Republican candidate for Governor. I could not vote for any Democratic candidate, however estimable his character and however sound his personal views, who permits himself to be run on the Chicago platform of fraudulent money more especially when those who have placed him in nomination have, at the dictation of the men who obtained control at Chicago, ignominiously hauled down the flag they first hoisted for sound and honest money, and raised one directly to the contrary, which they have thus publicly admitted they know to be wrong on the vital and only question of the day. The amount of the majority at the September election in Vermont may be of much significance. It may inspirit or may discourage those who in other fields are bearing the burden and heat of the fight for the right. I wish my vote, since I can contribute nothing else, to be so cast as to count for the most it can wherever it is counted."

How admirable this attitude of ex-Minister Phelps appears in contrast with that of Senator Hill and some other prominent Democrats, who, standing a few weeks ago in unqualified opposition to the declarations of the Chicago convention, are now eagerly engaged in seeking some excuse by which they may justify their support of its policies and its candidates. The spectacle of moral turpitude which Senator Hill and other gentlemen of that ilk have recently presented affords an exhibition of the depravity of human nature which goes far to justify the old Calvinistic doc-



DAVID B. HILL.

trine of the utter corruption of man. Among the champions of the sound-money policy in the Chicago convention no man was more conspicuous or influential than David B. Hill. He stood like a rock against the tide of Populist fanaticism and enthusiasm which rolled over the convention and finally swept it off its feet. He seemed to be as thoroughly honest and pronounced in his convictions as the most advanced and fearless supporter of sound money. No one, studying him in the attitude he then occupied, and in the light of the declarations made by him, would have conceived it possible that he would for one moment hesitate as to what he should do when the convention committed itself deliberately in its platform and nomination to the policy which he had denounced as full of peril to the country. Men who had distrusted him in the past and who had come to regard him as very much of a demagogue and charlatan, declared that he had evidently overcome his old degenerate instincts, and that henceforth, undoubtedly, he could be relied upon to represent honestly and fairly the great constituency in whose name he claimed to speak. And yet, in the face of his avowals, of his unconditional committals to sound money, of his declarations that its abandonment would overwhelm the country with tremendous loss, material and moral, he has been ever since balancing the probabilities of the canvass with a view of determining his personal course, without reference to principle, and with sole reference to his own political advancement. So obvious has been his indifference to considerations of principle, that universal suspicion has been excited as to the integrity of the motives which influence him, and there are few thoughtful observers who doubt for a moment that sooner or later he will commit himself to the support of the party ticket. Thus, we will have this Senator from New York, who occupies an exalted representative position, and who a little while ago stood out as the champion of clean politics and honest policy, subordinating his personal conscience to considerations of ambition, and consenting, so far as his influence goes, to the consummation of the very disasters which he professed to deplore, and which are all the more probable because men of his position and influence are willing to acquiesce in any wrong which are meditated and attempted in the name of party.

There are men and men. And we suspect that the average citizen, no matter what party he may belong to, would prefer to rank, in the esteem of his fellows, with the sort of men for whom Mr. Phelps conspicuously stands, rather than with that other style of which Mr. Hill has come to be the conspicuous type.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

THE FREE-COINAGE SCHEME IS IMPRACTICABLE AT EVERY POINT.

THE PROGRAMME.

In two former articles I have discussed some points which are presented by the advocates of the free coinage of silver, on the assumption that their project was feasible and their conception of its operation correct. They have laid out a programme; free coinage, silver standard, great demand for silver, rise of prices, rise in the value of silver, cancellation of debts, prosperity. They now admit that this programme would involve a panic, but it would come out, they say, at the desired result in two or three years. They denounce the gold standard as having caused hard times, but they plan a programme with a panic as an incident on the way to a silver standard as if it was a trifle.

There is not a step in this programme which could or would be carried out as planned.

FREE SILVER MEANS FIAT PAPER MONEY.

The amount of circulating cash of all kinds in the hands of the people at the present time is about nine hundred millions. If the dollar was reduced to half its present value, and if allowance was made for reserves, two thousand million silver dollars would be the specie requirement of the country. We already have nearly five hundred millions of such dollars. Hence the country could not use at the utmost, if the new silver dollar was worth not more than half the present gold dollar, and if the total circulation consisted of silver without any paper, but three times as many more silver dollars as we have now. But every one knows that such a state of the currency never would exist. We should have paper "based on silver"; that is to say, that the silver inflation never will be carried out. It will turn to paper inflation at the first step. Who can believe that, if the silver standard was adopted, silver would be bought and piled up dollar for dollar against the paper, and that the paper would be issued only as fast as the silver could be coined? In fact, silver would no doubt be dropped and forgotten, and we should have plain and straightforward fiat money of paper. Such ought to be faced as the only real sense and probable outcome of the present agitation for the free coinage of silver.

LIMIT OF THE AMOUNT OF SILVER WHICH COULD BE ABSORBED.

Let us, however, proceed upon the assumption that the plan proposed is sincere, and that the attempt would be made to carry it out in good faith. The circulation in the hands of the people would be paper, for they would become sick of silver and revolt against it. There would then be two thousand million dollars in paper afloat, each "dollar" being of silver and worth half a present gold one. We have now five hundred million silver dollars. At the utmost not more than another five hundred millions of silver could be absorbed into the system. That would give reserves of fifty per cent. of the total currency, and that is the maximum of the demand for silver which could be created if the United States went over to the silver standard. The supply would come from all over the earth. Mr. St. John is sure that none would come from Europe, because legal-tender silver there is at a higher ratio than sixteen to one. Not a nation in Europe which is now under the yoke of silver would hesitate a moment to demonetize it and send it here if we opened our mints to it at sixteen to one. He also assures us that none would come here from the East because the course of silver has always been from West to East. The course of silver has turned from East to West more than once when there was a profit on bringing it back, and that is the only condition necessary to bring it back again. Japan would adopt a gold currency the moment that the United States adopted a silver one.

IMPOSSIBLE TO INDEFINITELY INCREASE THE CIRCULATION.

The power of our currency to absorb silver is not unlimited. People seem to believe that they can go on and increase the monetary circulation indefinitely. This is possible with paper, which has no commodity value and cannot be exported, always understanding that the paper will depreciate as issued, but it is not possible with any money which has commodity value. When silver has been put into circulation here to such an amount that all the fictitious value given to it by the coinage law has been eliminated—that is to say, when so many silver dollars, or paper bearing the obligation of silver dollars, have been issued as will equal in value the present circulation—then there will be no profit in sending silver here from elsewhere, and no more profit in minting silver here than in sending it elsewhere. As we have seen, there is no reason to estimate the amount of silver which would be absorbed in this operation at more than five hundred millions. The miners are making all this agitation for the sake of that share which they could get in furnishing this sum. That share would really not exceed the silver they had on hand when the law was put in force.

ANTAGONISTIC INTERESTS OF MINERS AND POPULISTS.

What share, then, would the silver-miners get in the results of the enterprise? They could get none unless the new silver was bought only of them, and only bought gradually as they produced it, and bought at a rising price as the demand of debtors acted upon it. Not one of these conditions would be fulfilled. The debtors and the silver-miners really have antagonistic interests at every point. It

has been proposed that only American silver should be accepted at the mint. That plan is impracticable in any case, but, when the Populists had their victory in hand, does anybody suppose that they would wait eight or ten years for the realization of their hopes while the mines were producing new silver, being certain that that delay would cause all they hoped for to slip through their fingers? I repeat: The interests of the two factions are all antagonistic to each other, and one of them is destined inevitably to be the dupe of the other. That destiny is reserved for the miners who, besides, are paying all the expenses.

Already, so far as the campaign has proceeded, this antagonism has begun to manifest itself. Mr. Bryan says that his plan will make silver worth one dollar and twenty-nine cents per ounce fine. He thus takes his position with the miners' faction. Thereupon the organs of the repudiators' faction have begun to remonstrate. That is not at all what they are fighting for. They do not want their scheme to raise silver at all. But if it does not, the miners gain nothing. If it does, then again the repudiators take to paper money and the miners win nothing.

The mechanical difficulty of recoinning the silver with the necessary rapidity could probably be overcome. There are machine-shops enough to do it if there was a party in power which had that reckless determination to execute its will which these people show. We may, therefore, go on to consider the rise of prices.

THE RISE OF PRICES.

The rise in prices would regularly occur only as the new silver or paper was put out, but as the consequences would all be discounted it would be sudden and rapid. It would not, however, affect all things at the same time or to an equal degree. It is here that one of the first disappointments would occur. It is not possible to put up prices when and as one would like to do it, even when the rise is due to inflation. The effect cannot all be distributed at once. An advance in price reacts on business relations, that is, on the industrial organization. Many people and many interests find that they cannot push against others until long after they have been pushed against themselves. The wages class and the farmers are the ones who are most clearly in this position, at least so far as the latter do not produce articles for export. It must be plain that in such a convulsion of the market everybody will try to save himself at the expense of others. Who will succeed? Those certainly who spend their lives in the market and already possess the control of its machinery; not those whose time is occupied in the details of production.

WHERE THE EXPECTED GAINS WOULD GO.

It is said that the farmer would sell his grain and cotton, as now, for gold; that he would exchange the gold for silver; would get the silver coined and would pay his debts with it. Would any individual farmer do this? Would any one man go through the steps of this operation?—see the buyer of his products, handle the gold and silver, go to the mint? etc. Certainly not. All these operations would go on through the commercial and financial machinery. They would be executed by different individuals, in the way of business, through the organization, and every one of them would be lost to view. Every operation would have to be paid for. Every operation would give a new chance for more middlemen and more charges. Would, then, the gains of this grand scheme go to the farmer? Not at all. They would go to the "brokers and speculators of Wall Street." They would be lost in commissions and charges. The type of operator whom the Populist seems to think of when he talks about "Wall Street sharks," etc., etc., exists, although his importance in Wall Street is not as great as that of the political farmer in agriculture, but this type of man does not care what the currency legislation is, except that he would like to have a great deal of it, and to have it very mixed. Whatever it is, when it is made and he sees what it is, he will proceed to operate upon it.

PLAYING INTO THE HANDS OF THE MONEY-SHARKS.

We hear fierce denunciations of what is called the "money power." It is spoken of as mighty, demoniacal, dangerous, and schemes are proposed for mastering it which are futile and ridiculous, if it is what it is said to be. Every one of these schemes only opens chances for money-jobbers and financial wreckers to operate upon brokerages and differences while making legitimate finance hazardous and expensive, thereby adding to the cost of commercial operations. The parasites on the industrial system flourish whenever the system is complicated. Confusion, disorder, irregularity, uncertainty are the conditions of their growth. The surest means to kill them is to make the currency absolutely simple and absolutely sound. Is it not childish for simple, honest people to set up a currency system which is full of subtleties and mysteries, and then to suppose that they, and not the men of craft and guile, will get the profits of it?

We will next consider the impracticability of halving debts in the manner proposed.

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Practically every expounder of the Chicago platform displays the same spirit of hostility toward those who, having some actual stake in the public welfare, refuse to enlist under the free-silver flag. Thus, Senator Jones, the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, declares in a public appeal that his party is engaged in a struggle "for the defense of the plain people against the encroachments of the favored classes"; and he goes on in an effort to inflame the passions of the multitude, denouncing in the most violent terms the so-called fortunate classes as tyrants who seek to destroy "liberty and self-government," and whose overthrow, he declares, must be accomplished at whatever cost.

These interpretations of the Populistic-Democratic platform by its makers are not needed to demonstrate that it proposes a deliberate crusade against property. Every man who is free from prejudice must see that the free-coinage policy would, as we have repeatedly said, confiscate almost fifty per cent. of the accumulated savings of the working classes of this country, and would wipe out almost fifty per cent. of the face value of every life-insurance and fire-insurance policy. Now, every dollar of savings, every dollar invested in the form of life or fire-insurance policies represents a property value of one dollar in the currency of the world. The life policy is a basis of security for the future; it is so much property in reversion, and any programme which proposes to obliterate or impair its value amounts to a policy of plunder and spoliation. The same thing is true of every other form of accumulation which comes as the result of industry and sagacity in the utilization of the individual skill and of the opportunities of life.

Another evidence that this platform represents the sentiment of hostility to property is found in the fact that behind it are arrayed all the destructive forces of our society—every man with a grievance, every man who desires to possess himself of what belongs to others, every man who has a contempt for law, every man who regards all ordinary restraints of civilized society as an invasion of his individual right to do as he pleases, all the discontented and riotous and evil-disposed—these are found shouting to-day for Bryan and Sewall, and demanding that every bulwark of the social order, and every institution which has been a means of defense of individual and corporate rights, shall be broken down. The amazing thing is that a great many citizens who have themselves something at stake in this crisis, and who would not care to be branded as conspirators against the public peace and the social order, are looking with complacency upon this conspiracy against the interests of the great body of our people. Undoubtedly, a large proportion of the men who believe in free silver coinage are honest in their conviction. They are unable to see that it is simply the mask behind which the disturbing elements of our civilization have massed themselves for assault upon our most sacred and venerable institutional forms. A majority of them, if they could be brought to see what must be the ultimate and certain outcome of the full operation of the principles laid down in the Chicago platform, would shrink from its support. To them and to all others who desire to be considered as right-minded citizens we beg to commend the consideration that this whole demon-

stration against the more fortunate classes and against the means and methods by which they have come to larger prosperity, in contempt of all our traditions, is a demonstration which sooner or later will overwhelm even its promoters with disaster. It is against common sense. It is against human nature. It antagonizes the lessons of history and the teachings of the ages. The effort of men in all times has been to acquire, and the aim of society has been to buttress the acquisitions of the individual and of communities against violence and invasion. The wisdom and conscience of the world is against this new gospel of rapine and plunder. Every man whose name looms out of the past with the splendors of wise utterance and great achievements taught a different and nobler gospel. Among most people the opinion of Abraham Lincoln on any subject whatever will perhaps command as reverent consideration as that of Mr. Bryan. He was born of the people, nurtured in the lap of poverty, and made his way to eminence by simple and loyal fidelity to conscientious convictions in harmony with the best conceptions of personal and public duty. He was not in any sense of the word the apologist of the rich; he had no alliance with the capitalistic interest, which in his day, as in ours, exercised more or less influence in affairs. He represented simply the common people, and, speaking from that standpoint, this is the language which he employed in defining the relations of property and labor, and the duty of the individual to respect the rights of the successful and prosperous:

"Property is the fruit of labor. Property is desirable, is a positive good in the world. That some should be rich shows that others may become rich, and hence is encouragement to industry and enterprise. Let no man who is homeless pull down the house of another, but let him work diligently and build one for himself, thus, by example, assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when it is built."

In these sentences we have a statement of the whole philosophy of individual duty in the social relation. We cannot but believe that the great body of working people of this country will prefer this philosophy to that which is embodied in the Chicago platform, and which, if successfully carried out, will introduce chaos and disintegration into our whole social and industrial system.

The Old-fashioned Home.



CROSS the seas is heard the cry that English men and English women are becoming too Americanized, that they are traveling too much, and that the home as the English have long known it is merely the stopping-place between journeys and visits. On this side of the water there are articles and discussions and recommendations, all trying to convince everybody that the bird-of-passage life is not the happiest one, and the delights of the vine and fig-tree are exploited anew. Along with this outburst of criticism is the epidemic of cynical comment upon the new conditions which the alleged new woman is creating in domestic affairs. In its exhaustless search for the curious and the sensational the end-of-the-century journalism is throwing interesting side lights upon the general problem, and from the numerous instances which some future historian may use to illustrate the life of the present day as found in the newspapers, we take one from a Southern and one from a Northern city, both recent.

Both come from the police courts. In the Southern city a wife had her husband arrested for disorderly conduct. In her candid explanation to the magistrate she said that for seventeen years she had been earning the family wages and that her husband did the cooking, attended to the house, and took care of the children. She admitted that he did the work satisfactorily. But he asked for a small pittance at the end of each week and she objected to giving it to him. For some time, however, she yielded, but when she found that he spent it for beer she had him arrested. The magistrate sent him to jail, but before the month was out the wife came sorrowfully and asked for his release, saying that she found it impossible to get along without him, and the law obligingly permitted the man to return to his household duties. The other case was in Pittsburg. The new woman did not like the supper her meek and humble husband had prepared, and after upbraiding him with all the resources of her vigorous vocabulary, picked up a plate and, hitting him on the head, felled him to the floor. He had her arrested, and the magistrate not only fined her ten dollars and costs, but expressed the somewhat orthodox opinion that finding fault with the meals was a privilege confined exclusively to the man of the house. Of course the comment on both of these cases—in the aggregate it has amounted to hundreds of columns, and much of it appeared in papers of character and influence—was flippant, but like the most of the comment on the new woman or the new man, as the person in both of the instances named was called, it showed a very unanimous and a very evident detestation of any change in the old order of things.

Some persons call the opposition to the various new creatures prejudice. Possibly it is. A showy woman has a right to dress herself in bloomers and ride a bicycle in the

public highways, but few people who see her would like to claim relationship. A great deal is being claimed for the bicycle: it will kill prejudice; it will free woman from skirts; it will realize the perfect equality of the sexes, and all that sort of thing. As a matter of fact, the bicycle is a wonderfully useful and wonderfully popular means of locomotion, and modest people can ride it with propriety and profit, and more of them will ride it every day; but even the bicycle cannot alter the unalterable. The average of humanity is neither judged nor seriously influenced by the freaks, and there never has been nor will there ever be either sympathy or respect for the "new" persons who court notoriety not from conviction but from vanity.

It all comes back to the old-fashioned home, and John Howard Payne's words ring in the hearts of all good men and women. The modern home is physically different, but the same old-fashioned feeling is there. Once Henry Grady went back to his own home for a visit. When his mother saw how tired he was from work and worry she put him to bed just as she used to do when he was a boy. The big man hid his head in the pillow and sobbed like a baby. All the love and tenderness of the long years were surging through his head and heart. It is the home sentiment which makes everything that is worth living for. Bismarck has said that the only happiness he has ever had has been in his home, and he stands as the man who has accomplished more and greater things than any living person.

Of course in many of the cities it is practically impossible to realize the old-fashioned home. Flats are not made for sentiment, and yet they hold human hearts. But it would be a mistake to suppose that the homes of the country, with their old-fashioned ideas, even if many of the shingles are new, are decreasing. The census shows that the average family is getting better and larger shelter every year. All around the centres of population are being built beautiful cottages and lovely mansions. The architectural quality of the American home is constantly improving, and there is far more privacy than there used to be. Directly a man makes a success in the world his thoughts turn to a home in the country to which he may invite troops of friends to enjoy his hospitality. The old-fashioned home had more informality, but the home of today has just as much love and reverence and happiness, to which must be added all the comforts of these modern days.

McKinley's Acceptance.

MAJOR MCKINLEY's letter of acceptance is worthy of himself and of the cause for which he stands. No clearer or more impressive statement of the issues which are now before the people has been made, or will be made, during this canvass. The discussion of the question of free silver coinage and of its relation to the public prosperity is especially clear and forcible. The letter throughout makes a noble appeal to the patriotism and intelligence of the people, and it stands in marked contrast with the passionate appeals of the Democratic candidate to partisan prejudice and passion. We shall not attempt to analyze it. It should be read by every American voter. We cannot conceive how any fair-minded man can rise from its perusal without a conviction that the principles embodied in the Chicago platform are a most serious menace to every substantial interest, and that the policies of which Major McKinley is the champion are essential to the preservation of the national honor and the restoration of the national prosperity.

Two Kinds of Men.

WHILE the seizure of the Democratic organization by the Populistic-socialistic elements, and the chaos and confusion which have resulted therefrom, have evolved some remarkable exhibitions of personal hypocrisy and indifference to principle and to consistency, these peculiar conditions have also brought to light illustrations of high-minded devotion to principle, without regard to partisan considerations, which are well calculated to strengthen one's faith in human nature and stimulate confidence in the triumph of the cause of sound money and genuine patriotism.

There are few Democrats in the country who have ranked higher in the service of their party, or have conferred more distinction upon it, as well as upon that branch of the public service with which they have been identified, than Hon. Edward J. Phelps, our former minister to England. Mr. Phelps is not only a gentleman of the highest personal character, but a man of conspicuous ability and supreme conscientiousness of purpose. He is a thorough believer in the principles and policies of the Democratic party, as they were embodied in past legislation. He has had no sympathy at all with the doctrines and policy of the Republican party. Under ordinary conditions there is nothing which would induce him to abandon the Democratic flag and enlist under that of any party which antagonizes it. But, regarding the pending Presi-



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denial election as involving a dangerous crisis, he has, with equal promptness and decision, lifted his voice in protest against the attitude which his party has assumed, and summoned all men who believe with him that sound money and honest finance are essential to the national prosperity as well as to the preservation of the national honor, to unite in support of the Republican candidates. In a recent letter which has attracted wide attention he states with great force and clearness the duty of honest Democrats to repudiate the principles and policies of the Chicago platform, which, as he alleges, is absolutely and unconditionally un-Democratic. There is no conceivable consideration, he argues, which can justify any Democrat who believes in the doctrines of the party as heretofore held in giving countenance or support to theories which have "conducted the few small countries that have experimented with them into hopeless embarrassments of finance and business." He concludes his letter with a distinct and manly avowal of his purpose, not only to vote for Major McKinley, but for the local candidates of the Republican party in the State in which he lives. We quote as follows:

"I shall therefore vote for Mr. McKinley. I am not a Republican and I never shall be. I do not believe in protection and I shall never be converted to it. But in the throes of a deadly malady I cannot afford to reject the only physician who is in a situation to help me, because his political opinions are different from mine, or even because I think there are better physicians than he, if they could only be had in time. I shall go further, and shall vote at the September election for the Republican candidate for Governor. I could not vote for any Democratic candidate, however estimable his character and however sound his personal views, who permits himself to be run on the Chicago platform of fraudulent money more especially when those who have placed him in nomination have, at the dictation of the men who obtained control at Chicago, ignominiously hauled down the flag they first hoisted for sound and honest money, and raised one directly to the contrary, which they have thus publicly admitted they know to be wrong on the vital and only question of the day. The amount of the majority at the September election in Vermont may be of much significance. It may inspirit or may discourage those who in other fields are bearing the burden and heat of the fight for the right. I wish my vote, since I can contribute nothing else, to be so cast as to count for the most it can wherever it is counted."

How admirable this attitude of ex-Minister Phelps appears in contrast with that of Senator Hill and some other prominent Democrats, who, standing a few weeks ago in unqualified opposition to the declarations of the Chicago convention, are now eagerly engaged in seeking some excuse by which they may justify their support of its policies and its candidates. The spectacle of moral turpitude which Senator Hill and other gentlemen of that ilk have recently presented affords an exhibition of the depravity of human nature which goes far to justify the old Calvinistic doc-



DAVID B. HILL.

trine of the utter corruption of man. Among the champions of the sound-money policy in the Chicago convention no man was more conspicuous or influential than David B. Hill. He stood like a rock against the tide of Populistic fanaticism and enthusiasm which rolled over the convention and finally swept it off its feet. He seemed to be as thoroughly honest and pronounced in his convictions as the most advanced and fearless supporter of sound money. No one, studying him in the attitude he then occupied, and in the light of the declarations made by him, would have conceived it possible that he would for one moment hesitate as to what he should do when the convention committed itself deliberately in its platform and nomination to the policy which he had denounced as full of peril to the country. Men who had distrusted him in the past and who had come to regard him as very much of a demagogue and charlatan, declared that he had evidently overcome his old degenerate instincts, and that henceforth, undoubtedly, he could be relied upon to represent honestly and fairly the great constituency in whose name he claimed to speak. And yet, in the face of his avowals, of his unconditional committals to sound money, of his declarations that its abandonment would overwhelm the country with tremendous loss, material and moral, he has been ever since balancing the probabilities of the canvass with a view of determining his personal course, without reference to principle, and with sole reference to his own political advancement. So obvious has been his indifference to considerations of principle, that universal suspicion has been excited as to the integrity of the motives which influence him, and there are few thoughtful observers who doubt for a moment that sooner or later he will commit himself to the support of the party ticket. Thus, we will have this Senator from New York, who occupies an exalted representative position, and who a little while ago stood out as the champion of clean politics and honest policy, subordinating his personal conscience to considerations of ambition, and consenting, so far as his influence goes, to the consummation of the very disasters which he professed to deplore, and which are all the more probable because men of his position and influence are willing to acquiesce in any wrongs which are meditated and attempted in the name of party.

There are men and men. And we suspect that the average citizen, no matter what party he may belong to, would prefer to rank, in the esteem of his fellows, with the sort of men for whom Mr. Phelps conspicuously stands, rather than with that other style of which Mr. Hill has come to be the conspicuous type.

THE FREE-COINAGE SCHEME IS IMPRACTICABLE AT EVERY POINT.

THE PROGRAMME.

In two former articles I have discussed some points which are presented by the advocates of the free coinage of silver, on the assumption that their project was feasible and their conception of its operation correct. They have laid out a programme; free coinage, silver standard, great demand for silver, rise of prices, rise in the value of silver, cancellation of debts, prosperity. They now admit that this programme would involve a panic, but it would come out, they say, at the desired result in two or three years. They denounce the gold standard as having caused hard times, but they plan a programme with a panic as an incident on the way to a silver standard as if it was a trifle.

There is not a step in this programme which could or would be carried out as planned.

FREE SILVER MEANS FIAT PAPER MONEY.

The amount of circulating cash of all kinds in the hands of the people at the present time is about nine hundred millions. If the dollar was reduced to half its present value, and if allowance was made for reserves, two thousand million silver dollars would be the specie requirement of the country. We already have nearly five hundred millions of such dollars. Hence the country could not use at the utmost, if the new silver dollar was worth not more than half the present gold dollar, and if the total circulation consisted of silver without any paper, but three times as many more silver dollars as we have now. But every one knows that such a state of the currency never would exist. We should have paper "based on silver"; that is to say, that the silver inflation never will be carried out. It will turn to paper inflation at the first step. Who can believe that, if the silver standard was adopted, silver would be bought and piled up dollar for dollar against the paper, and that the paper would be issued only as fast as the silver could be coined? In fact, silver would no doubt be dropped and forgotten, and we should have plain and straightforward fiat money of paper. Such ought to be faced as the only real sense and probable outcome of the present agitation for the free coinage of silver.

LIMIT OF THE AMOUNT OF SILVER WHICH COULD BE ABSORBED.

Let us, however, proceed upon the assumption that the plan proposed is sincere, and that the attempt would be made to carry it out in good faith. The circulation in the hands of the people would be paper, for they would become sick of silver and revolt against it. There would then be two thousand million dollars in paper afloat, each "dollar" being of silver and worth half a present gold one. We have now five hundred million silver dollars. At the utmost not more than another five hundred millions of silver could be absorbed into the system. That would give reserves of fifty per cent. of the total currency, and that is the maximum of the demand for silver which could be created if the United States went over to the silver standard. The supply would come from all over the earth. Mr. St. John is sure that none would come from Europe, because legal-tender silver there is at a higher ratio than sixteen to one. Not a nation in Europe which is now under the yoke of silver would hesitate a moment to demonetize it and send it here if we opened our mints to it at sixteen to one. He also assures us that none would come here from the East because the course of silver has always been from West to East. The course of silver has turned from East to West more than once when there was a profit on bringing it back, and that is the only condition necessary to bring it back again. Japan would adopt a gold currency the moment that the United States adopted a silver one.

IMPOSSIBLE TO INDEFINITELY INCREASE THE CIRCULATION.

The power of our currency to absorb silver is not unlimited. People seem to believe that they can go on and increase the monetary circulation indefinitely. This is possible with paper, which has no commodity value and cannot be exported, always understanding that the paper will depreciate as issued, but it is not possible with any money which has commodity value. When silver has been put into circulation here to such an amount that all the fictitious value given to it by the coinage law has been eliminated—that is to say, when so many silver dollars, or paper bearing the obligation of silver dollars, have been issued as will equal in value the present circulation—then there will be no profit in sending silver here from elsewhere, and no more profit in minting silver here than in sending it elsewhere. As we have seen, there is no reason to estimate the amount of silver which would be absorbed in this operation at more than five hundred millions. The miners are making all this agitation for the sake of that share which they could get in furnishing this sum. That share would really not exceed the silver they had on hand when the law was put in force.

ANTAGONISTIC INTERESTS OF MINERS AND POPULISTS.

What share, then, would the silver-miners get in the results of the enterprise? They could get none unless the new silver was bought only of them, and only bought gradually as they produced it, and bought at a rising price as the demand of debtors acted upon it. Not one of these conditions would be fulfilled. The debtors and the silver-miners really have antagonistic interests at every point. It

has been proposed that only American silver should be accepted at the mint. That plan is impracticable in any case, but, when the Populists had their victory in hand, does anybody suppose that they would wait eight or ten years for the realization of their hopes while the mines were producing new silver, being certain that that delay would cause all they hoped for to slip through their fingers? I repeat: The interests of the two factions are all antagonistic to each other, and one of them is destined inevitably to be the dupe of the other. That destiny is reserved for the miners who, besides, are paying all the expenses.

Already, so far as the campaign has proceeded, this antagonism has begun to manifest itself. Mr. Bryan says that his plan will make silver worth one dollar and twenty-nine cents per ounce fine. He thus takes his position with the miners' faction. Thereupon the organs of the repudiators have begun to remonstrate. That is not at all what they are fighting for. They do not want their scheme to raise silver at all. But if it does not, the miners gain nothing. If it does, then again the repudiators take to paper money and the miners win nothing.

The mechanical difficulty of recoining the silver with the necessary rapidity could probably be overcome. There are machine-shops enough to do it if there was a party in power which had that reckless determination to execute its will which these people show. We may, therefore, go on to consider the rise of prices.

THE RISE OF PRICES.

The rise in prices would regularly occur only as the new silver or paper was put out, but as the consequences would all be discounted it would be sudden and rapid. It would not, however, affect all things at the same time or to an equal degree. It is here that one of the first disappointments would occur. It is not possible to put up prices when and as one would like to do it, even when the rise is due to inflation. The effect cannot all be distributed at once. An advance in price reacts on business relations, that is, on the industrial organization. Many people and many interests find that they cannot push against others until long after they have been pushed against themselves. The wages class and the farmers are the ones who are most clearly in this position, at least so far as the latter do not produce articles for export. It must be plain that in such a convulsion of the market everybody will try to save himself at the expense of others. Who will succeed? Those certainly who spend their lives in the market and already possess the control of its machinery; not those whose time is occupied in the details of production.

WHERE THE EXPECTED GAINS WOULD GO.

It is said that the farmer would sell his grain and cotton, as now, for gold; that he would exchange the gold for silver; would get the silver coined and would pay his debts with it. Would any individual farmer do this? Would any one man go through the steps of this operation?—see the buyer of his products, handle the gold and silver, go to the mint? etc. Certainly not. All these operations would go on through the commercial and financial machinery. They would be executed by different individuals, in the way of business, through the organization, and every one of them would be lost to view. Every operation would have to be paid for. Every operation would give a new chance for more middlemen and more charges. Would, then, the gains of this grand scheme go to the farmer? Not at all. They would go to the "brokers and speculators of Wall Street." They would be lost in commissions and charges. The type of operator whom the Populist seems to think of when he talks about "Wall Street sharks," etc., etc., exists, although his importance in Wall Street is not as great as that of the political farmer in agriculture, but this type of man does not care what the currency legislation is, except that he would like to have a great deal of it, and to have it very mixed. Whatever it is, when it is made and he sees what it is, he will proceed to operate upon it.

PLAYING INTO THE HANDS OF THE MONEY-SHARKS.

We hear fierce denunciations of what is called the "money power." It is spoken of as mighty, demoniacal, dangerous, and schemes are proposed for mastering it which are futile and ridiculous, if it is what it is said to be. Every one of these schemes only opens chances for money-jobbers and financial wreckers to operate upon brokerages and differences while making legitimate finance hazardous and expensive, thereby adding to the cost of commercial operations. The parasites on the industrial system flourish whenever the system is complicated. Confusion, disorder, irregularity, uncertainty are the conditions of their growth. The surest means to kill them is to make the currency absolutely simple and absolutely sound. Is it not childish for simple, honest people to set up a currency system which is full of subtleties and mysteries, and then to suppose that they, and not the men of craft and guile, will get the profits of it?

We will next consider the impracticability of halving debts in the manner proposed.



HILDA CLARK,
The new prima-donna of the Bostonians.
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PAULINE FRENCH,
A San Francisco beauty engaged by Augustin
Daly.—Photograph by DuPont.



ELsie LESLIE,
The once famous *Lord Fauntleroy*.—Copy-
right, 1895, by B. J. Falk, New York.



AMELIA FIELD,
A young contralto who will make her début in
DeKoven's new opera.—Photo. by Falk.



ROSE TIFFANY,
A daughter of Annie Ward Tiffany.
Photograph by Falk.



SADIE MCDONALD,
Who will play *ingénue* rôles in Charles Hoyt's pieces.



MABEL BOUTON,
Engaged by Augustin Daly for "The Geisha."
Photograph by Falk.



BATTELLE HAMMEL,
A young débutante in emotional rôles.—Photograph by Falk.



IRENE BENTLEY.



MARY EMERSON,
Engaged for *ingénue* rôles in the Lillian Lewis Company.
Photograph by Sarony.



MINNIE ASHLEY,
A débutante in comic opera.
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ELsie DARE,
A débutante in *ingénue* rôles.—Photograph by Kuebler.



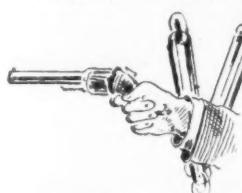
JESSIE MACKAYE,
Engaged to play *ingénue* rôles with the Lyceum Stock Com-
pany.—Photograph by Pach Brothers.

PRINCE KAHLMAN'S EXPERIMENTS.

By CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

IV.

CONCERNING A LADY'S SECRET HELD IN A SILKEN BAG.



AN HALTEN'S instructions were explicit; he was to arrange for his master and himself to take part in—that is, to control or direct or otherwise dispose of—a burglary operation known to be preparing for the following Saturday night. Of all the hazardous adventures

he had shared with Prince Kahlma, this seemed to him the maddest. Not since the night at Monte Carlo, when they had carried off the Russian countess, had he felt such apprehension for his master's safety, and he almost regretted having opposed the prince's purpose a few weeks before of setting sail for Yucatan.

But there was no hope for it; the prince's craving for novelty had led to his joining this extraordinary burglar's club (about which Van Halten had been informed by special permission of the president under pledge of strictest secrecy), and now he was bound by his given word, and prompted by curiosity as well, to set himself against a gang of desperate men, with heaven knows what evil chance impending. Van Halten shrugged his shoulders at the notion of calling this thing sport.

Fortunately the secretary's ingenuity and fertility of resource had been developed in too many schools to fail him now, and he set about preparing the way for this adventure with the same business-like coolness he had shown in former escapades. And in this task he received valuable assistance from an ex-burglar named William, a heavily-built, slouching fellow, who had been assigned to the prince's service by the club. Within forty-eight hours these two, working together, had arranged a plan of operations that seemed to allow a maximum of excitement with rather more than a minimum of danger.

* * * * *

Saturday night in New York, with the breath of early summer in the air. It was late. The crowd of pleasure-seekers had sought their homes and the city was settling down to its sleep. Up and down Fifth Avenue the beautiful white electric lights, drooping two by two, pear-shaped, stretched like dumb sentinels. Over Madison Square hung a soft stillness, broken only now and then by the foot-fall of the night watchman or the stirring of some homeless one resting uneasily on a bench.

If possible there was a stiller silence just off the avenue on Twenty-ninth Street, near that well-known and picturesque old church where good folk worship and bad folk often come to be married or buried. Between this church and the adjoining house is a narrow alley-way, at the end of which is a gate, usually locked, that leads through the wall into one of the back yards of the block. In New York City each block is a great fortress of stone built around an open space formed by the conjunction of all the back yards within. These open spaces, which amount to one-half of the entire municipal area, might be made beautiful with flowers and fountains. As a matter of fact, they are uniformly ugly and given over to clothes-lines and vagrant cats. They might also be guarded by some system of police patrol, but this is not thought necessary, the idea being that entrance here is impossible, and that the flimsy board partitions offer sufficient protection from yard to yard. This is an idea that causes the burglars of the metropolis much amusement.

Into the alley way in question, at intervals in the hour following midnight, stealthily moving figures might have been seen to enter and disappear in the darkness. Indeed, they were seen by a man who stood in the shadow near by and took careful note of each figure as it passed—one, two, three, four of them—and in each case, by listening keenly, he could hear the little gate open and close, although it moved softly on its hinges. It was plain that somebody had a key besides the good pastor, sleeping unconcernedly near by.

After a lapse of time there sounded through the stillness of the night the wheels of a carriage driven rapidly. It crossed the square, turned up the avenue, and then turned again into Twenty-ninth Street and stopped. From within descended two gentlemen plainly bent on some important business, for the taller of the two, who bore an air of authority, spoke some earnest words to his companion, and then, dismissing the carriage, whistled softly. Forthwith from out the shadows came a figure, which advanced with slouching gait and deferential manner.

"Is everything ready, William?" asked the taller gentleman.

"Yessir; the watchman's so loaded he don't know whether his job's here or down on the Bowery. He won't do no watchin' to-night, he won't."

"Are they at work yet?"

"Yessir; they've been in most an hour."

"How about the front door?"

The man smiled, and with a rattle of metal drew from his pocket a bunch of queer-shaped wires and pieces of steel.

"It's just the same as if you had a latch-key, sir; it won't take me five seconds to get her open."

"Good," said the taller man. "Well, let us begin the game." The younger man seemed to hesitate. "Will not your Highness consider once more the peril of attacking these desperate men? Should we not at least have officers with us?"

"Fie, for your scruples. Does a man take a policeman along when he hunts bear or buffalo? Thinkest thou that these marauders of the night have the courage of the wild animals we have pursued together many times? We are out for sport, Sadi. Come, the time is pressing."

While speaking, the two men had walked to the avenue and turned down a short distance, pausing before an office building that showed no lights within, being tenanted only in the daytime. Next to this building was the one occupied by Tolman, the fashionable photographer.

"They're at work in that one," said Van Halten; "we go in this one. Come, William."

In a twinkling the outside door was opened by their deft-fingered attendant and the two gentlemen passed inside. Then, after a longer pause and a fresh manipulation of the wires, the inner door was opened in the same way.

"Well done," said the prince; "that shows the advantage of having an expert at our service. Remember, William, you are to stay here and wait for the signal. Where is the lamp?"

The man handed the prince an odd-looking lamp, which the latter lighted forthwith and then, turning to Van Halten, motioned that he was ready.

They proceeded forthwith to mount the stairs, the prince leading the way. One flight, two flights, three flights they ascended without a word, moving along bare halls, past office doors, until they came to the very top of the house. Here, lifting the lamp, which gave forth a strange fragrance, the prince illuminated for his companion a narrow stairway that led to a scuttle in the roof.

"Can you get it open?" he asked.

"One moment," said Van Halten, looking back down the stairs. "I wonder if we could not hear them working?"

"Not out here in the hall. The sound would have to come from the Tolman building through the double wall, and then through the room they are digging into."

"You are right," said Van Halten; "but we'll hear them soon enough." Then he started for the scuttle.

"I've got it," he said, loosening the hook. Lifting the covering and passing through, they presently found themselves on the



"Up with your hands, quick!" cried the prince."

rooftop looking down upon the silent city, with the imposing tower of the Garden rising at their left, dimly marked against the starlit sky. The night was clear, although there was no moon, and the air was delightful with the odors of the new-born season.

Moving cautiously, the two men advanced to the edge of the roof, where a low wall separated them from a precipitous descent overhanging the roof adjoining, which was some ten feet below their level. Peering down into the shadows, they stood silent, giving keen ear for any sound below.



"PEERING DOWN INTO THE SHADOWS, THEY STOOD SILENT."

"I hear nothing," said the prince.

"You will," answered Van Halten, and even as he spoke he caught the prince's arm and, putting a finger to his lip, motioned for silence. At the same time there came from the neighboring roof a scraping, rattling sound, as if some one was emptying out a quantity of stones and bits of metal and spreading them on the tin roof. And looking intently they could make out the bent figure of a man.

For some minutes these sounds persisted, and then the man disappeared and there was silence once more.

"He's gone down for another load," said Van Halten in a low tone. "He's emptying rubbish from the tunnel."

"Good," said the prince; "get the ladder ready."

Once more Van Halten hesitated, thinking of a precious life in his keeping, but a glance at his master's face silenced him. Without further protest he unrolled a ladder of strong silken cords which he had brought wound around his waist, and, fastening one end securely, lowered it over the wall. Then, catching the swinging sides, he let himself down to the roof beneath. Kahlma came close behind him.

"We will stand on either side of the hole," whispered the prince, "and seize the fellow when his body is half emerged. See to it, thou, that he makes no sound."

Presently from below they heard a heavy tread ascending the stairs, and then the jangle of a coal-scuttle striking the steep ladder as the burglar struggled to the top with his burden. As his head came up the two men waited ready to spring. With a heavy breath the man lifted the loaded scuttle upon the roof and was on the point of stepping from the ladder when he was caught in a pair of iron arms, for the prince's strength was prodigious, while Van Halten's hands closed over his mouth like a seal. To tie the man, to stuff a cloth in his mouth and lay him on the roof, was the work of a few minutes.

"No harm will come to you, my friend," said the prince, "if you do what you're told. Hold the lamp here; I would question him."

Van Halten did as directed, whereupon the prince, bending over his helpless adversary, said in a low tone: "How many are there down below—two, three, four? Mind, I'll have no lies."

The burglar could not speak, but at three shook his head "yes."

"Which floor are they working on—the second, third, fourth?"

The burglar indicated that they were working on the second floor.

"Are they tunneling through the wall?"

The burglar nodded yes.

"Are they armed?"

Again the burglar nodded yes.

Having seen that their prisoner was well secured, they descended into the house without more delay, walking in step so as to give the impression of one man coming, and rattling the coal-scuttle a little for appearance's sake. Presently they came to an open door from which a dim light shone. Putting down the scuttle, the prince drew his revolver, as did Van Halten, and then the two advanced into the salon of Tolman's famous photograph-gallery. Grouped at one side of the richly furnished room were three men, working by the light of a dark lantern at a gaping hole in the wall. One of them was on his knees, busy with bar and mallet, while the others aided him. On the floor lay tools and weapons, ready.

"Up with your hands, quick!" cried the prince, lining two of the men with his revolver, while Van Halten covered the third.

The surprise was complete; no resistance was attempted, for the robbers' case was hopeless. So confident had they been that the approaching footsteps were those of their companion that not one of them had turned his head until the prince's words rang out. Then it was too late.

"Stand there along the wall, hands over your heads. Now, Sadi, snap these on their wrists and take their weapons."

In a trice Van Halten had disarmed the men and secured them with handcuffs. The prince looked on, not over-pleased.

"That was too easy," he said; "I would rather have had a shot or two." Then turning to the burglars: "Now, gentlemen," he said, "sit down and we will talk things over."

At this one of the burglars ripped out a string of oaths. He was a sharp-featured man about thirty, with shifty eyes and a cunning look.

"Stop that, Oatsey," said the oldest burglar of the three, a man about sixty, with a fine, white forehead and a long beard that gave him a venerable air. His companion seemed to recognize his authority, and with a sullen grumbling relapsed into silence. At this moment the third burglar, a young fellow about twenty, and not bad-looking, made a dash for the door, but Van Halten was too quick for him.

"Hold up, young man," he said, looking along his leveled revolver.

"Come back here, Pete," said the old burglar, "there's no use getting shot. Never fight with a man who's got the drop on you." Then turning to the prince he said, coolly: "Now, sir, perhaps you will explain this intrusion. Are you an officer of the law?"

"No," answered the prince, somewhat taken aback.

"Do you represent the owner of this property?"

"No."

"Then you have no more right here than we have."

"But I happen to have more might," said Kahlma, "and I propose to use it. I'll give you just five minutes to decide whether you will obey me and escape trouble, or will take your chances with the police. You see I can fix that for you in a second," and drawing from his pocket a small silver whistle, the prince took a few steps toward the window.

"No, no," cried the old burglar, starting up; "don't do that. Let me understand clearly what it is you want."

"I want you to answer my questions, that's all, but I will have no lies. This is not a time to discuss my motives; it is sufficient that it pleases me to study the ways of—er—what do you call men of your profession?"

"Burglars, sir; plain burglars," said the old man, cheerfully. "I dislike euphemisms; they show weakness. And are you going to give the information you seek to any other parties?"

"No; I want it only for myself—for my personal amusement."

"Hm, and do we go free afterward?"

"You not only go free, but if you do as I bid and behave yourselves I promise each of you a handsome reward. I warn you, though, that half of your five minutes are gone." The prince glanced at his watch which he had laid on the table before him.

"Come over here, boys," said the old burglar, and presently the three were in earnest consultation, their leader reasoning with the other two, who seemed to be obstinate.

"We accept your conditions, sir," he said, finally. "They're very unusual, but we accept 'em. The boys here suspected you, but I showed 'em their mistake. Do you know what they thought? That you and your friend had come in at the last minute to rob us of the prize we've been working for. That made the boys angry, but I told 'em you were a gentleman. I claim to know a gentleman, and they believe me, and so it's all right."

"I'm glad to hear it," said the prince. "Let me hand you some brandy, sir; you look pale. I dare say burglars have bad nerves. There, I'll hold the bottle for you. You'd better take chairs and be comfortable."

He offered his flask to the old burglar and then passed it to the other two. They all drank with a relish, albeit their position was not pleasant.

"Thanks," said the old man; "I seldom use stimulants, but will make an exception in this case. And so you wish to study the ways of burglars? A grand subject, sir, and I can probably tell you as much about it as any man alive. I may say," he added, with a deprecatory glance about him, "that what you see here is only a small affair—a mere side issue. Would you like me to explain these implements? This is a 'jimmy,' famous among burglars' tools; these are drills of various sizes, and this—"

"I think," interrupted the prince, "that you and your friends will be more at ease with your hands free, and there is no longer any danger. For one thing, you will be able to smoke these cigars."

With this he passed around a jeweled cigarette, while Van Halten quickly took off the handcuffs he had but just put on. The two burglars exchanged looks of astonishment and snuffed at the Havanas. The old burglar took everything as a matter of course.

"We appreciate your consideration, sir," he said. "Besides, you have the revolvers."

"I have something better than revolvers," answered the prince. "Do you see this little lamp? I have only to touch it here and in ten seconds you will all be helpless as corpses. The fumes act instantly upon those who do not carry the antidote. Try it if you like."

The burglars looked at the lamp with a mingling of awe and admiration.

"We will take your word for that," said the old burglar. "Personally, I am glad to know that some substitute has been found for chloroform, which is entirely unsuited to the burglar's needs. Four times out of five your subject wakes up and fights."

"Now, let's see," he went on; "what was I telling you? Oh, about the tools. Well, that heavy piece is called a 'spreader'; we used it the first night to force apart the bars on one of the back windows. Would you like to see how it works? Come here, Pete; you and Oatsey can show the gentleman. Those two curtain-poles will do."

Holding the poles upright on the floor as if they were window-bars, the burglars placed the

"spreader" in position between them and demonstrated how by gradually turning the lever this formidable tool may be used to force apart iron bars of almost any strength.

"How long have you been working on this tunnel?" asked Van Halten.

"Only three nights, and we are nearly through. You see it's an easy job."

"Weren't you afraid the photographer would find traces of your digging?"

The old man seemed quite offended at this question. "You must know, sir, that we are experts; we never leave traces of our work. Every shovelful of bricks and mortar dug out of this wall was carried up to the top of the house and spread on the roof, where no one would ever look for it. Then, as to the wall, that was an easy matter. We'll fix it for you now if you like."

At a word of assent from the prince two of the burglars lifted from the floor a square piece cut from the paneling and screwed it quickly into the wood-work so as to cover the entrance to the tunnel. Then they dropped over this into its place a tapestry hanging, and presently had restored the wall to its usual condition.

"And now," went on the old man, "if you understand about the tunnel I'll go back to the tools we use. This is the 'drag,' which is—"

"Frankly, sir," broke in the prince, "you interest me more than your tools. I had always pictured burglars as coarse, brutish fellows, whereas I find you a man of intelligence and apparent refinement; in short—"

"In short, a gentleman," put in the burglar, evidently pleased. "You are quite correct, but I must warn you against the notion that all burglars are gentlemen. The profession is coming up year by year, but it is still far from what it should be. For instance, take my associates here. This one," pointing to the man with the cunning face, "I call 'Oatsey,' and that one I call 'Pete.' Very ordinary names, you see, just as they are ordinary types. But they always call me 'Mr. James,' and no matter what happens, they are careful to put on the 'Mr.' That is the unconscious tribute they pay to my superiority, and if one of them should ever address me as 'Jimmie' or even as 'James,' I should feel that I had lost caste."

"I don't see how a man of your intelligence ever got into this profession," said Van Halten.

"That is a good point; that brings us to the causes leading men to adopt a life of crime. I can tell you about that. Some are born into it by hereditary influences; they are natural thieves, like Oatsey, there. He can't remember when he began to steal—can you, Oatsey? If Oatsey was alone on a desert island he'd steal shell-fish from himself just to keep in practice. Then there are others who drift into crime as Pete did. Pete is bright and weak and lazy; he might have been anything from a rag-picker up to an archbishop, according to circumstances, only he would have been a poor rag-picker because he hates work. There are thousands like him."

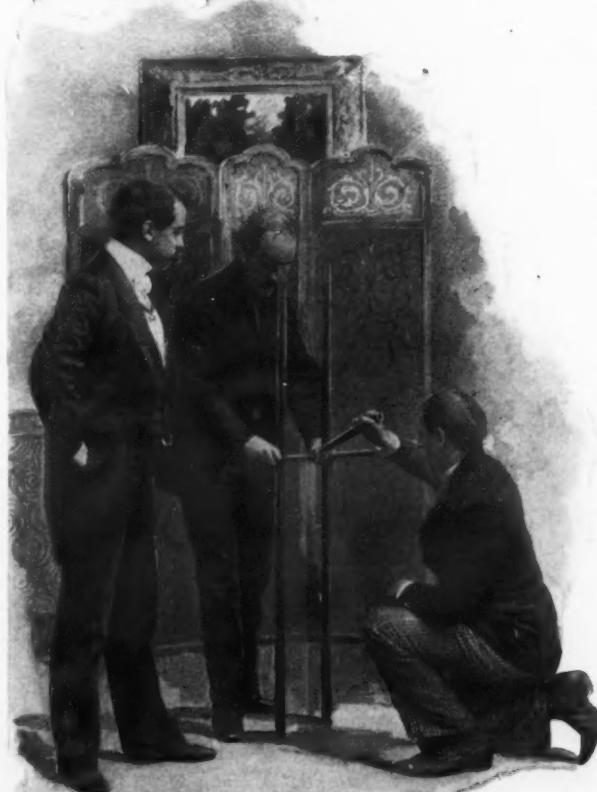
Oatsey and Pete listened to this analysis of their characters with grins of satisfaction. They were evidently proud of "Mr. James."

"Last of all are those who become criminals with the full approval of their reason. They regard all men as wolves, and all kinds of business as merely so many schemes for wholesale plundering. Therefore burglary in their eyes is no worse than anything else, while they rather respect burglars for throwing off the mask of hypocrisy. Such men bring into their criminal pursuits the same qualities that have earned them success in other lines—energy, organization, and knowledge of men. They inevitably become leaders, stars among those who are so hopelessly their inferiors. They commit the great and successful crimes, and they are seldom captured. I belong to this class." He said this with unmistakable pride, and then added: "If you don't mind, sir, I'll try that brandy again."

"You say you took up this life with the approval of your reason?" said Van Halten; "but how about the approval of your conscience? How about remorse?"

At this the old man's animation increased and he began to emphasize his words with gestures.

"This talk about remorse," he exclaimed, "is mostly nonsense. Remorse is what a sinner feels when he is found out. Sin without unpleasant consequences rarely causes remorse, and never among professional



"THE BURGLARS PLACED THE 'SPREADER' IN POSITION."

criminals. Take it even among gentlemen in other walks. When do they feel remorse for gambling or betting on races? When they have lost—not otherwise. When do they feel remorse for getting drunk? When they have disgraced themselves—not when they have merely had a jolly time. Do you think they feel remorse when they misappropriate funds, or cheat at cards, or steal somebody's wife, unless they suffer from exposure or scandal? Certainly not. But I am running on in a most unconscionable way; you see, you have got me on one of my hobbies."

"On the contrary, what you say is vastly interesting," said the prince. "I have met many kinds of men in my travels, but never a philosopher who devoted himself to crime because he believed in it. But, tell me, doesn't the thought of prison disturb you?"

"Prison, sir," said the old burglar, "is one of the risks of our calling, and we insure ourselves against it, just as a business man does against fire. Before starting on a case we always have our fall money ready."

"Fall money?" queried Van Halten.

"De fall money's what ye use to make a sneak wid when ye get pinched," explained Pete, growing loquacious.

"I really must apologize, gentlemen," said "Mr. James," "for Pete's slovenly talk. I have told him again and again that tough and slangy expressions never made a good burglar and never will, but he forgets. That by the way, is why I never had much respect for detectives; they use such shockingly bad English."

"What Pete meant to say just now was that a certain sum is always put aside at the start, to be used for lawyers' fees, and for conciliating sheriffs, jailers, keepers. It's astonishing what a few thousand dollars will do to keep a man out of jail. In the present case, for instance, even if you were to break your word and hand us over to the police, the chances are we'd get off scot-free."

"Why, have you put up so much money?"

"We haven't put up a dollar ourselves, but the man—oh, by the way, did you see a man on the roof?"

"Yes; he's up there now—tied."

This news made a sensation among the burglars. "Giblets is pinched, Oatsey," cried Pete, in great delight.

"The man he calls 'Giblets' is our leader; he deposited five thousand dollars for us in safe hands before we undertook this job."

"How can he be your leader and do such drudgery work?"

"Dat's because he ain't no reg'lar burglar; he does de best he can," said Pete.

"Not a regular burglar and yet your leader?" exclaimed the prince.

"Certainly," said "Mr. James," "because he puts up the money. You see, sir, our business isn't run as it used to be; lots of men go into it now for a speculation when they think they've got a good thing, just as they speculate in wheat without knowing anything about farming. This man happened to know there was money in the safe, next door, and hired us to do the job. We get just the same, anyway, and he takes his chances on the safe."

"Don't you know what kind of a man he is?"

The old burglar shook his head. "I guess he's square enough; he put up the stuff all right, but we never saw him before two weeks ago. And, for that matter, even now we don't know what he looks like, for he wears a disguise."

"Strange," said the prince to Van Halten; "we must look into this." Then, after a moment's reflection, he went to a window facing on the street and whistled softly.

"Don't be alarmed," he said; "I am merely summoning a man in my service who will look after you for a time. How long will it take you to finish this tunnel?"

"There is only a little lath and plaster to go through, sir. We can have it open in a half-hour."

"Well, go ahead quickly; I want to see how you work on a safe." And then he added, as the man from below entered the room: "Look after my friends, here, William, while they dig through this wall. When they have finished let me know. Now, Sadi, we will have a closer view of this gentleman burglar on the roof."

Making their way again to the top of the house where their captive was lying, they scrutinized him closely. While his clothes had been put on carelessly, they were evidently of good cut, and his hands were soft and white. Loosening his bonds, they tried to put confidence in him and pressed him with questions, but to no avail. His answers were curt, his manner sullen.

"It seems to me I have heard that voice before," said the prince; and then, bending nearer to the man, he saw that his hair and beard were indeed false, although cleverly put on.

"I thought your eyes were too blue for such dark hair," said Kahlma, stripping off the prisoner's disguise; and then, starting back, he exclaimed: "It's Baron Rheinbaum, alias Count La Brie!"

Then, hurriedly, the prince related to Van

Halten how he had met this man only a few evenings before at a reception, where he had been dancing attendance upon one of the loveliest women in New York, a recognized society leader.

"So you have added burglary to your other accomplishments, baron?"

The man said nothing.

"It's a pity we can't take your picture in this professional costume and show it to some of the ladies you honor with your company."

The man was still silent.

"I fancy you'll have plenty to say, baron, before we have done with you. You can run over your adventures since that little affair at Homberg."

"Ah, what is this?" he said, noticing a fine gold chain about the baron's neck beneath the shirt. "I warrant there is some choice bit of romance connected with this trinket. Let me see. The love affairs of a burglar nobleman ought to have a special interest."

With this he tried to pull out the chain, but the man struggled fiercely.

"Do with me what you will," he cried, "but do not touch that chain."

This only aroused more keenly the prince's curiosity, and presently, by sheer force, he gained possession of the chain, which was found to support a silken bag holding some papers. Embroidered on this was a coat-of-arms and a letter "R."

"Let us see what he keeps in his pretty bag," said the prince, and drew forth several letters and a woman's photograph.

"For God's sake!" cried the burglar, writhing and moaning, "do not read those letters. Destroy them if you will; do anything to me; send me to prison, but do not read those letters."

"Keep the fellow quiet," said the prince, and proceeded in a leisurely way to glance over the pages, which were in a woman's handwriting, and plainly written by a person of refinement.

"I fear he has succeeded all too well in his infernal schemes," and then, as he turned to the signature: "By my father's crown, they are her letters, and this is her picture, signed in her own hand, and fondly. Now I know that my presentiment was true. Scoundrel, dog, you have done sad mischief here, and you shall suffer for it."

During the reading a whistle had sounded from below, but the prince had not heard it, so deep was he in his indignation.

"They must have finished the tunnel, your Highness," said Van Halten as the whistle came again; "there is the signal."

"Very well," said the prince. "We will go down, but first bind this fellow again. I would not lose him for a ton of ivory. Stay; we will take him with us. He can lie in the studio while we watch them blow the safe."

(To be continued.)

The New York Nominations.

THE nomination of Hon. Frank S. Black as the Republican candidate for Governor of New York was a genuine surprise to a great majority of the people. It seemed almost certain at the outset of the convention that its choice would fall in another direction. It became apparent, however, to the party leaders that either one of the selections which seemed the more probable would be likely to alienate the support of a very large body of Republicans; and as the outcome of this condition new forces asserted themselves, and Mr. Black was chosen as best representing the principles of that element of the convention which, while in sympathy with the so-called machine, was hardly prepared to slap in the face the opponents of the dominant organization. Mr. Black is not altogether unknown to our politics. His par-

icipation in the movement for the overthrow of the desperate gang of bullies who had so long made a travesty of elections in the city of Troy, and especially his effort to bring to justice the murderers of Robert Ross, the young Republican watcher at the polls who was slain while in the performance of his duty, had brought him into conspicuous notice. There is no doubt at all that it was largely due to his efforts that certain amendments were made in our election laws which are calculated to put an end to the frauds which so long prevailed in our populous communities. The blank-ballot law of 1895 was one of the results of the agitation which was begun at Troy and vigorously prosecuted throughout the State.

Mr. Black is a member of the present Congress, having been elected in 1894. He is a graduate of Dartmouth College, having made his way by hard work and great self-denial. He is now in the forty-fourth year of his age. Those who know him best believe that he will bring to the discharge of the duties of the office to which



TIMOTHY L. WOODRUFF.

Photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.

he is certain to be elected genuine conscientiousness of purpose, with an intellectual equipment adequate to their creditable performance.

It is to be regretted that in his speech accepting the temporary chairmanship of the convention, Mr. Black permitted himself to indulge in wholesale denunciation of Democrats, failing altogether to recognize the fidelity to conscience of thousands in that party who now refuse to follow the free-silver delusion. His remarks in this connection were in singular and by no means creditable contrast with those of the brilliant young Governor of New Jersey, when, in addressing the Republican State Convention, he "welcomed the alliance and friendliness of these honest and honorable Democratic citizens," applauding their patriotic spirit as deserving of all praise. In times like these, any public man who by raising partisan shibboleths seeks to accentuate divisions among those who agree on the main question is guilty, to say the least, of a grave impropriety.

Mr. Timothy L. Woodruff, the nominee for Lieutenant-Governor, is comparatively a young man, being thirty-eight years of age. He is a graduate of Yale University and a fair representative of the educated class in political life. He has been prominent in the politics of Kings County, and has a large following among the younger Republicans of the city. His business connections are large, and he is identified with many social, charitable, and religious institutions of the city. His nomination has given great satisfaction in Brooklyn, and it may be regarded as a fortunate one for the party.

People Talked About.

THERE are few more interesting men in Brooklyn than ex-Mayor John W. Hunter, who will be eighty-nine years old this fall. He has seen the City of Churches, as it is miscalled, grow from a big village to its present vast proportions, and he still maintains the keenest interest in municipal affairs. Mr. Hunter has twice suffered from strokes of paralysis, and is attended by a body-servant when he goes about, but mentally he is as active as in his prime.

— Senator James K. Jones, "Jones of Arkansas," who is directing the Democratic campaign, is the son of a Tennessee planter, and he was as familiar with blooded stock when a boy as he is now with the intricacies of tariff schedules. He was an Arkansas cavalryman in the war, and when hostilities were over he went back to a planter's life and then into politics. Senator Jones has the old-time Southern gentleman's liking for the Latin classics, and is familiar with some of the more generally read authors of antiquity. Experience on the battle-field and in the rougher relations of men has made him devoid of fear. His friends know him as a fighter.

— A correspondent who has interviewed James Lane Allen, the Kentucky novelist, says that "A Kentucky Cardinal" is the author's favorite story. It is certainly the favorite story of his readers, and though it has seen several seasons there has never been a year since its publication when so many copies of it were visible on hotel piazzas in the country and at the seashore as this. Mr. Allen is held in high repute both in Cincinnati, his home, and in Kentucky. His career, as he first marked it out, was to be that of a quiet man of letters—a professor of philosophy—but he found literature more to his taste and aptitude. He had the usual experience of successful authors in having his first romances returned forthwith from the publishing houses to which he sent them.

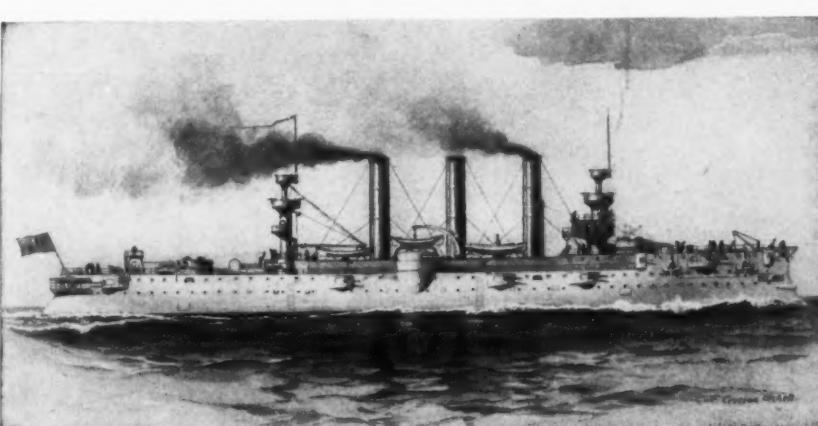
— A brief announcement in the London *Chronicle* of the fact that "Rev. Amory Bradford, D.D., of Montclair, U. S. A., will preach at Kensington Congregational Church" reminds American visitors in London of this American pastor's great popularity in England, which he visits almost every summer, and where his sermons have attracted wide notice in the press. Dr. Bradford has been pastor for many years of the Congregational Church in Montclair, New Jersey, where he is, in both the literal and the metaphorical sense of the term, the leading citizen. As a pulpit orator he long ago attained exceptionally high rank. Dr. Bradford was one of the commissioners sent by the Congregational Church to Japan to inquire into the missionary work and the best methods of prosecuting it effectively, and his report is one of the most valuable contributions yet made to the literature on this subject. He is a regular contributor to several of our leading journals, always writing entertainingly concerning the moral and sociological problems of the day.

— In the selection of Hon. David R. Francis, of Missouri, as Secretary of the Interior, in

place of Hoke Smith, who has resigned to follow the free-silver flag, President Cleveland has given a recognition to real merit. Governor Francis is a man of recognized ability and of high character,

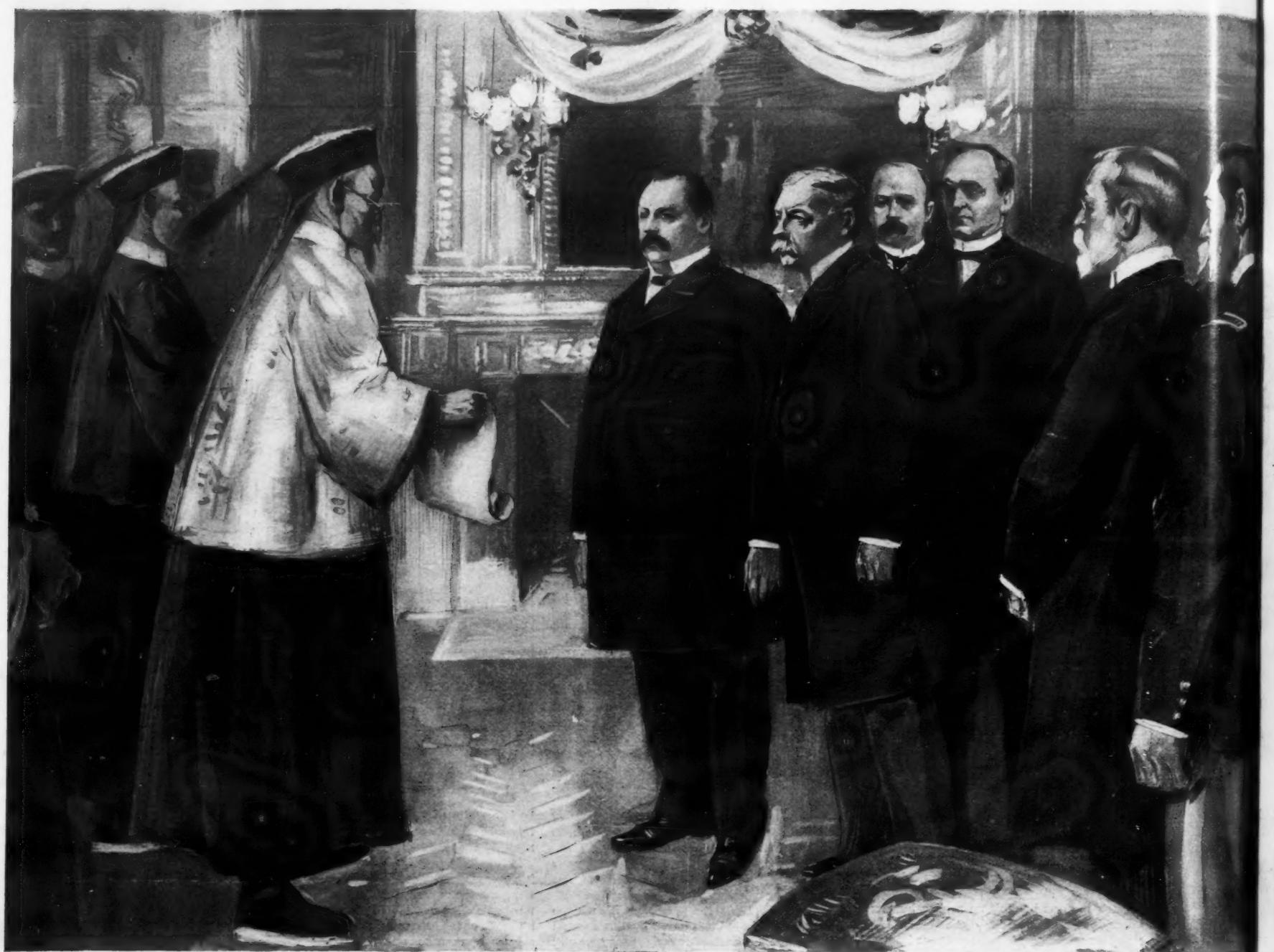
is in thorough sympathy with the sound-money sentiment, as well as with all the tendencies toward reform of the better portion of his party. There is no doubt at all that he will discharge the duties of his office with credit to himself and to the government.

— In calling attention to the fact that by the death of Professor J. D. Whitney, the geologist, Professor Francis J. Child becomes the *doyen* of Harvard instructors, a Boston journal says that "it will be a sad day for Harvard College when Professor Child's quaint figure is no longer seen plodding between Harvard and Sever halls and his residence on Kirkland Street." It might be added that no American instructor's death would be so sincerely deplored by so large a circle of college alumni as Professor Child's. His rare combination of accurate scholarship and kindness of heart has made him universally beloved, most of all, probably, by the children of Cambridge, who could be seen trooping about him at times for a trip into the woods to hear weird tales of folk-lore and of plant-lore. The very sight of his short, "stubby" figure and curly head arouses affection. Professor Child is the greatest living authority on British ballads, and he ranks high for scholarship in England. Oxford tried in vain to secure him many years ago.



THE ARMORED CRUISER "BROOKLYN."

The cruiser *Brooklyn* has proved herself to be the fastest vessel of her class in the world. In her recent trial trip, covering a continuous run of eighty-three knots, she maintained an average speed of 21.92 knots an hour, and showed, in a run of seven knots, that she is capable of still greater speed by making an average of 22.9 knots.



THE RECEPTION OF THE DISTINGUISHED VISITOR BY PRESIDENT CLEVELAND—THE VICEROY PRESENTING HIS ADDRESS.



LI HUNG CHANG'S ARRIVAL AT THE TOMB OF GENERAL GRANT.



LI HUNG CHANG ENTERING HIS CARRIAGE AFTER THE RECEPTION BY THE PRESIDENT.



LI HUNG CHANG LEAVING THE TOMB AFTER PLACING A

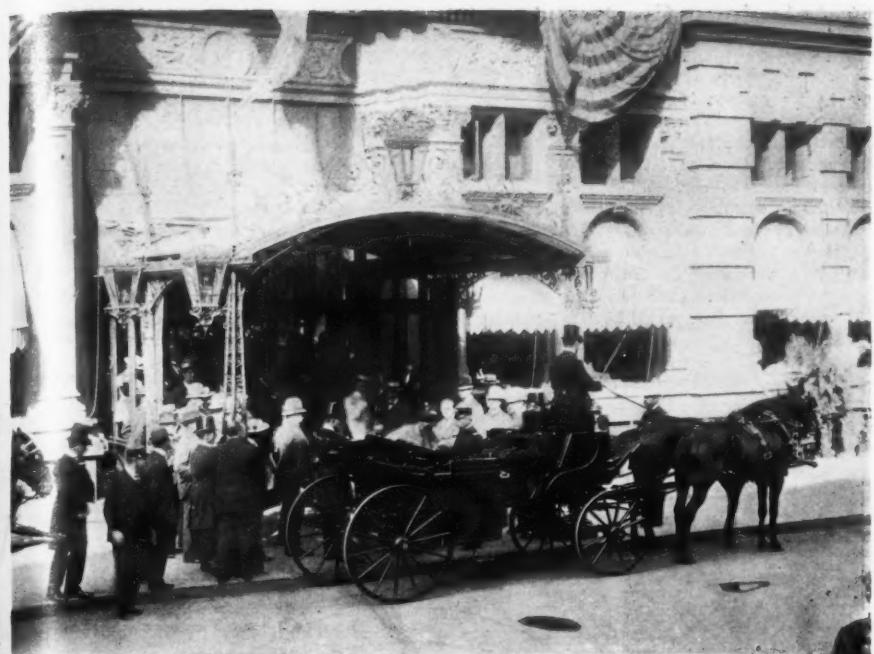
UPON

THE OCCIDENT GREETS THE ORIENT—INCIDENTS OF THE RECEPTION

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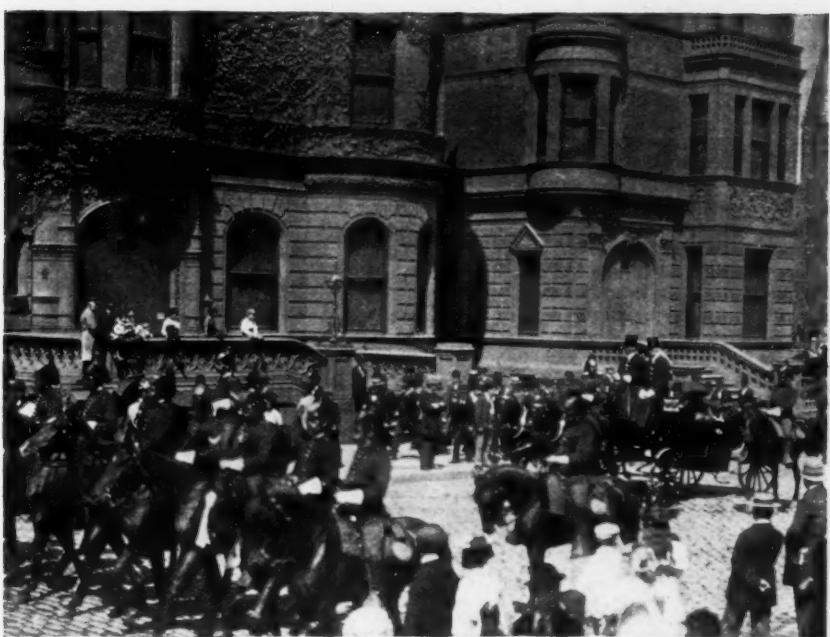
Levi's



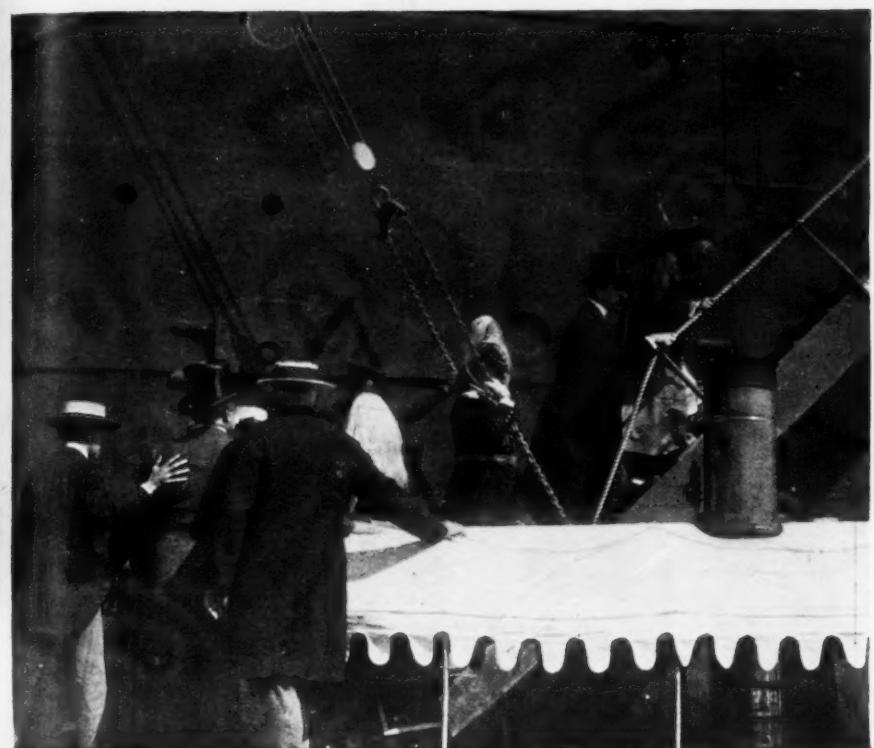
STARTING FROM THE WALDORF TO VISIT THE TOMB OF GENERAL GRANT.



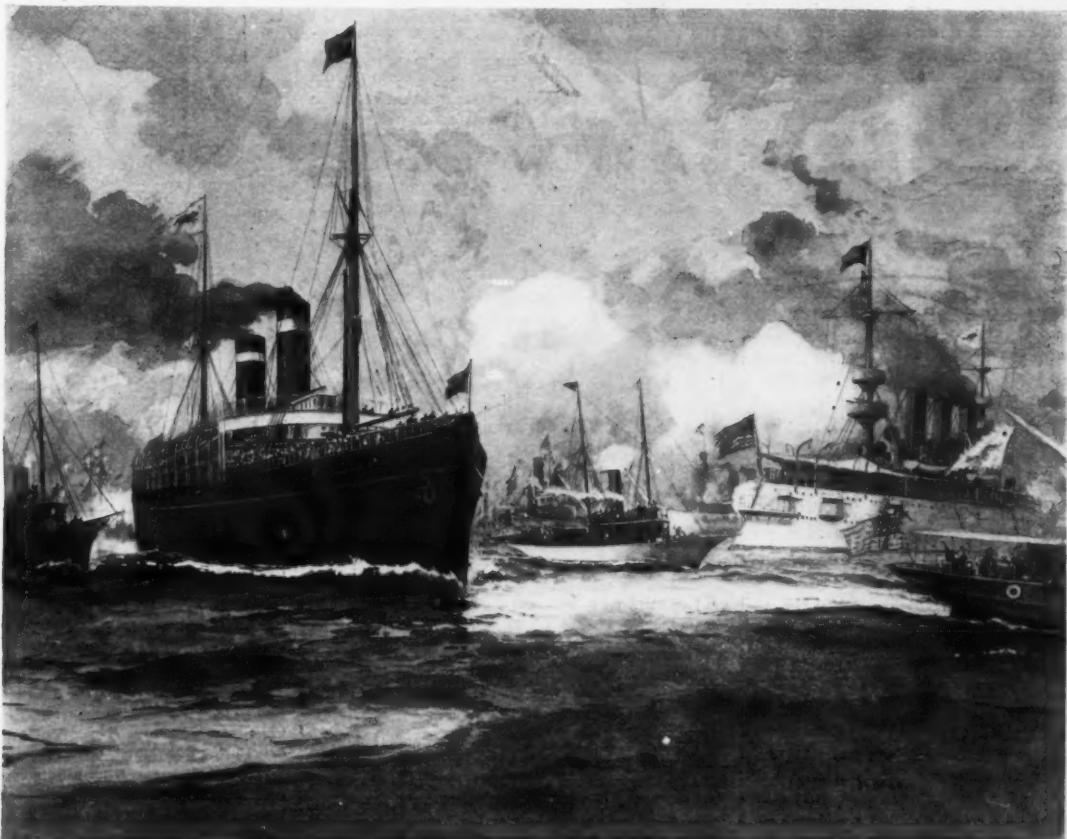
LI ENTERING THE TOMB OF GENERAL GRANT.



THE VISITOR AND HIS ESCORT PASSING DOWN FIFTH AVENUE AFTER THE RECEPTION BY PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.



GOVERNMENT AND CHINESE OFFICIALS GOING ON BOARD THE "ST. LOUIS" TO WELCOME LI HUNG CHANG.



THE STEAMSHIP "ST. LOUIS" PASSING UP THE BAY WITH LI HUNG CHANG AND SUITE.
From Drawing by F. H. Schell.



PLACING A BRANCH UPON THE SARCOPHAGUS.

RECEPTION OF LI HUNG CHANG, THE CHINESE VICEROY, IN NEW YORK CITY.

J. C. H. AND DRAWING BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.
Copyrighted by Leslie's Weekly.

The New Mrs. Lease.

MRS. MARY ELIZABETH LEASE, the Populist orator and Kansas "Joan of Arc," has been in New York, the "enemy's country," and at the time of this publication has probably gone away. She has been in New York before, but that was before the days of Bryan as a national figure, and before she became a leading Populist campaigner. She used to be one of those clever Western women speakers whose words of burning eloquence sometimes scorched the prairies; now she is Mrs. Lease of all the United States, one of the chief orators of the newborn Democratic party, and her thunderous words of scorn and invective are to help to overthrow certain established institutions of her country, especially those on which the present system of finance is founded.

While in New York, Mrs. Lease spoke at a large mass meeting in Cooper Union, attended the Bryan notification ceremonies in Madison Square Garden, was interviewed repeatedly, went shopping, saw some of the sights, met many persons of more or less note, and neglected no opportunity to sow the seeds of free-silver propaganda.

One need talk with Mrs. Lease only ten minutes to observe certain things: She is self-confident, and also thoroughly impressed with herself. She enjoys the fire of hot opposition. She "poses" even in private conversation, and uses platform "tricks" in ordinary speech. She likes to seem to be absolutely frank, but is most adroit in steering an interviewer away from shoals where she may get grounded. Her self-satisfaction approaches positive vanity, to which, so it seems to the casual observer, the cause for which she battles is subordinate and a most delightful background. Mrs. Lease is earnest, absolutely fearless, but uppermost in all her thoughts and deeds seems to be Mrs. Lease, and after that her cause. All that has been written of late about her excellent taste for dress is true. Her tall, superb figure is finely gowned. She carries her head high, she strides rather than walks, and she wears her gowns with an air of defiance to any critical eye, especially if that eye belongs to a hostile-minded woman. Mrs. Lease is almost statuesque. She certainly has what might be called a "distinguished" air. One can get a character glimpse of her, possibly, when she says, as she did to me the other day:

"I don't know why the newspapers have just discovered that I dress well. I dress as I have always tried to dress. There is no change. It is nothing new, and (dropping her voice to a natural, conversational tone) I don't mind telling you that I can wear a calico dress with just as much grace as a silk one."

There you have Mrs. Lease personally. Mrs. Lease politically is practically a new factor this year. She is going to talk for Bryan and silver in a torrent of words from now until election day, and yet, according to her own words, she takes "very little stock in this silver business." That is because Mrs. Lease really believes in flat money, and she is determined to make all creation believe in it, too.

I shall not give any formal interview with her. That has been done time and again by others. She talks just as all other free-silver agitators talk. In the manner of her talk she is different. With no intention of manifesting even a suggestion of disrespect, I can liken her best and most truly to a Kansas cyclone rather than to Joan of Arc. When she talks you can no more stop her than you can one of the Western prairie wind-storms. When she comes to a stop of her own accord, then you may begin to ask a question or two, but unless you are thoroughly well grounded in details, you and your argument will be pulverized in a puff, and the wreckage will resemble that which is left after a Kansas cyclone has dashed through a settlement. Gold followers believe that her theories would wreck the country as a cyclone does a town.

But, be it known that when Mrs. Lease talks she talks not only by the book, but by several books. When she makes a statement that needs backing she can give, off-hand, the section, clause, paragraph, and line of the Constitution; she can quote by the paragraph from this or that Supreme Court decision; she can repeat what this or that man said in the United States Senate thirty, forty, fifty years ago; she can tell you what this or that authority on money declared in one year and also ten years before; she can sneer at British ideas and make you feel as if you had had a sunstroke and were also a traitor as she tells you what a great country this is, and how ashamed you ought to be that it is really not independent of "any nation on earth," after all that our forefathers fought, bled, and died for. So, if you have only a few fundamental and even correct notions about the gold side of this money question—all that is necessary for any ordinary and intelligent man to have—you had better keep away from Mrs. Lease, for she will throw you by a simple twist of her thumb—or perhaps I had better say twist

of her tongue. The more opposition you make, the more she enjoys throwing you down. She revels in a fight, and you understand why when she says:

"Thank God, I belong to a minority party, so far as I have a party. I have always belonged to the minority party, and, please God, I always shall."

"What are you going to do if silver wins in this election?" you ask.

"Oh, I suppose I shall turn in and fight the silverites so as to convert them to greenbackism."

Then Mrs. Lease makes this surprising statement, for one who is going to speak for silver and Bryan, after you have asked her how she is ever going to get six hundred million dollars in silver coined in mints of limited capacity for many years after the gold to that amount has been driven out of circulation:

"Really, I don't take much stock in this silver business. At the most it can bring only a little relief. It may increase the per-capita circulation two dollars and a half, but that will amount to little. What we want is greenbacks—flat money."

"If we make Americans take such money, how are we going to pay foreign debts?"

"Make other nations take it, too."

"But suppose they won't?"

"Let them take that or nothing."

"How about paying the interest on millions upon millions of English money invested here, and without which investment perhaps we should not have railroads out in Kansas at this time?"

"Don't pay another dollar."

"We've already paid those things several times over," puts in a friend of Mrs. Lease, standing by.

"Don't pay another dollar," repeats Mrs. Lease, dramatically, and just as you get ready to ask her if this is not repudiation, and also if a man who has rented a house for a long time should not, according to her programme, refuse to pay rent after he has paid the value of the property to the landlord once, she shunts the conversation aside, and you wonder exactly what her moral code is. You are finally convinced that it is distinctively feminine when you return to the attack in these words:

"Mrs. Lease, suppose you borrowed one thousand dollars from me at the present time. It would be on a gold basis, of course. Do you think it would be fair to pay it next year on a silver basis, values remaining as they are approximately?"

"Well (her voice now in confidential tones), in all this talk about paying debts in silver, of course we don't mean personal obligations—that is, from man to man; we have reference to the government bonds."

You are again wondering about her moral code when she strikes in with a ringing voice and a sweeping gesture:

"We simply demand that the money of payment shall be the same as the money of obligation."

When you assent to that and ask her if the average length of the time of indebtedness out West is not less than four or five years, and if the money of payment and obligation, therefore, ought not to be gold, according to her own statement, she shunts the conversation away and you are confirmed in your opinion that her economics, like that of most of the silverites, seems to be based on the idea of envy—on the desire of those who have not to secure the substance of those who have. She shunts the conversation by telling you that she never speaks without stage-fright, that she never knows exactly how she is to begin, that really she does not enjoy speaking, but that there is great satisfaction in obtaining mastery and holding control of an intelligent audience. You are not surprised at this time to hear her say:

"I am absolutely devoid of the sense of humor." And you remark to yourself what a pity it is, for how much more interesting would this already interesting woman be.

Mrs. Lease truly is very much of a woman.

FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

The Shuttlecock Cry of the Heart.

We wish to come back with as fervid desire
As ever we wish to depart:

"I want to go somewhere," "I want to get back,"
Are the shuttlecock cries of the heart.

When the high tide of summer breaks over the year
We would float on its flowery crest
Till it leaves us adrift on the pine-covered hills,
Or the buttercup valleys of rest.

But the sad winds of autumn, like wandering cries,
Seem the voices of spirits that roam,
And they echo our thoughts through the deepening
skies.

Our longing and hunger for home.
And blessed are they who return to their homes—
As blessed as they who depart:

"I want to go somewhere," "I want to get back,"
Are the shuttlecock cries of the heart.

SAM WALTER FOSS.

What Astrology Says.

THE HOROSCOPES OF MCKINLEY AND BRYAN COMPARED.

ASTROLOGY in its essence is infinite, but necessarily dependent upon the finite judgment of man to properly interpret its meaning; and as man is but human, therefore fallible, the best astrologer is liable to err. Therefore, never bet money on an astrologer's prediction; he may be mistaken in some vital point—overlooked, perhaps. On the two following horoscopes I have given a thoroughly impartial reading, sparing neither side. I may add, in justification of myself, that I am no politician, have no political ambitions, have no political preference. I offer this article to the public, the same as in the past, based purely on astrology and its rules, merely as a literary contribution, and with no thought of "making votes," but with a curious feeling of "I wonder how it will result."

In March, 1893, I wrote an article entitled "An Astrological Prediction on the Outcome of President Cleveland's Term of Office, 1893-1897." This article was duly copyrighted March 17th, 1893. It was published in the *Arena*, of Boston, Massachusetts, September, 1894. The concluding paragraph of that article was as follows:

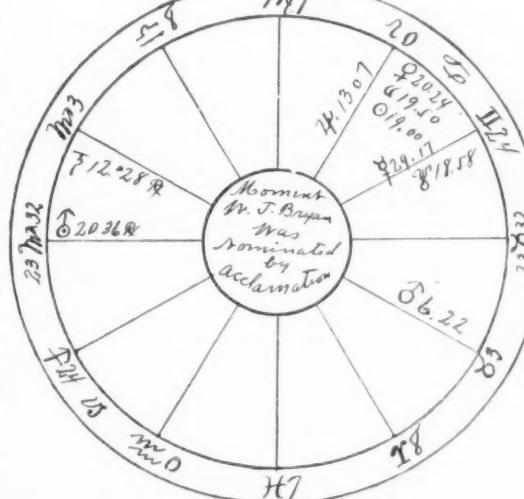
"The indications point to an entirely new party, the formation of new principles, new men and new ideas, which will lead to the relegation of the Democratic party to the black forest of oblivion. The Cleveland administration enters with a blaze of glory and a blare of trumpets, but will depart under a cloud of sinister conditions, and at that eventful time the following prediction will be fulfilled: The Democratic party will fail to elect its candidate in 1896 if it places one in the field." —See *Arena*, September, 1894.

"Now Jove, his aged sire to Styx had hurled,

And waves his sceptre o'er a subject world." —Ovid.

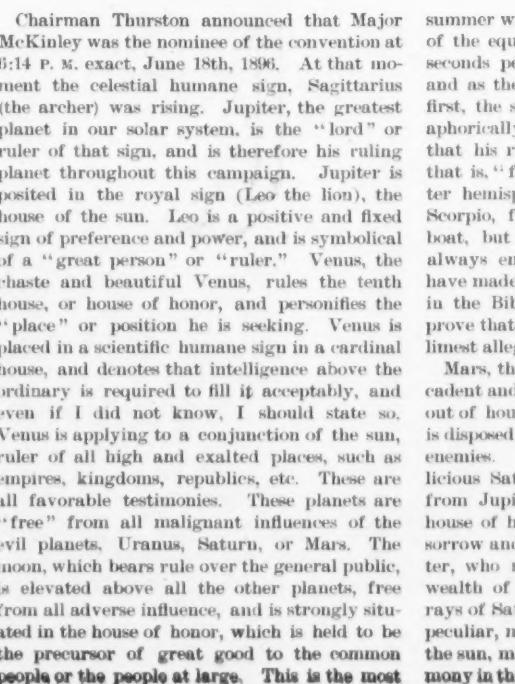
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June 18th, 1896.



p. m., July 10th, 1896. At that moment the fixed evil sign Scorpio, which Mars rules, was rising. This is ominous to start with. Scorpio is a portentous sign of evil and is very malicious, denoting treachery, hypocrisy, and deceit. The sign Scorpio is the most evil sign of the twelve constellations, and in this case is even more so by the presence of the malignant Uranus on the ascendant. Jacob, when blessing his twelve sons, assigns Scorpio to Dan in these terms: "Dan shall be a serpent by the way, an adder in the path, that biteth the horse heels, so that his rider shall fall backward." (Genesis xlii, 17.) To explain this, glance at a celestial map and observe where Sagittarius is located. Scorpio you will find directly to the right. Anciently, Sagittarius occupied the point of the autumnal equinox (now occupied by Libra), and denoted the last of the summer months; that is, it was above the earth when the summer was about closed, but by the precession of the equinoxes, which amount to about fifty seconds per year, it finally "fell backward," and as the sun enters Sagittarius, Scorpio sets first, the summer season has ended, and, metaphorically, Scorpio "bit the horse heels," so that his rider—"the sun"—falls backward; that is, "falls" from the summer into the winter hemisphere. Of course it does no good to Scorpio, for he, poor fellow, is in the same boat, but for this piece of treachery he has always enjoyed an unenviable reputation. I have made this digression merely to show a text in the Bible in an astrological sense, and to prove that these things are often veiled in sublimest allegory.

Mars, the red god of war, is ruler. Mars is cadent and out of all dignity, like a man thrown out of house and home. An evil testimony, he is disposed of by the ruler of the house of his enemies. Mars is sadly afflicted by the malicious Saturn, and receives but cold comfort from Jupiter. Saturn afflicts him from the house of his secret foes, from the evil house of sorrow and trouble, disaster and defeat. Jupiter, who rules his house of wealth and the wealth of the nation, is afflicted by the evil rays of Saturn and Uranus. Uranus, the odd, peculiar, magnetic power, is rising in trine to the sun, moon, and Venus, and is the only testimony in the horoscope for success; but as neither



rules the house of honor, the testimony cannot be admitted. This merely denotes great personal popularity, etc., but Uranus is decidedly evil and retrograde on the ascendant, therefore this campaign will develop some startling and remarkable conditions, political surprises, and unheard-of complications which will be disastrous to Mr. Bryan. Mark this well.

In McKinley's horoscope the fair moon was located in the house of "honor," and this is held by all astrologers to pre-signify "good times." In Bryan's horoscope she is placed in an evil portion of the horoscope, and indicates the reverse. In Bryan's horoscope Jupiter shows the "eed of the matter," and is situated in the house of "commerce," badly afflicted by Saturn and Uranus. This seems to signify that a commercial combination will defeat him. Let us hold our judgment in abeyance. Wait and watch.

JULIUS ERICKSON.

OUR PLAYERS

MANAGERS and actors both are wondering whether this will be a good theatrical year. Presidential years, as a rule, are disastrous, the public meetings, torch-light processions, and general financial disturbance interfering seriously with the theatres. Some managers also consider that the advent and growing popularity of the bicycle has done much harm to the theatre. Other managers, however, laugh to scorn these alleged reasons for poor receipts. "My experience," said Charles Frohman, recently, to the writer, "has been that I can always make money with a good play and always lose money with a bad play. I do not believe that external conditions have anything to do with the prosperity of the theatre. The remedy is in the theatre itself." This sounds like horse-sense, but the hard times certainly affect the actors. Capital is shy and fewer enterprises are forming. Consequently, positions are scarcer and salaries cheaper. This year the actors are getting only half the salaries they commanded last season, and there are more hungry-looking Thespians on the Rialto in quest of "a part" than in any period of its history.

"Cagliostro" and revivals of "Richard III" and "The Merchant of Venice" are announced as new features of Mr. Mansfield's répertoire this season. The authorship of the first-named play is shrouded in mystery, but it is generally believed that it is a dramatic effort by Mr. Mansfield himself. It has been in rehearsal for months, and, I understand, has been rewritten about twenty times. The staging of the piece will, it is said, require the services of Herrmann, the magician, as the stage directions call for the most uncanny feats by the characters. For instance, at Cagliostro's (Mansfield's) command the heavy man must vanish into space. At a wave of his hand the heavens must open, and so on. But at the rate of progress the piece has so far made at rehearsals, it is hardly likely to be given to the public before the year 1900.

I understand that only two of the people who were with Richard Mansfield last season have been retained for this year. Unless done for reasons of economy, it is a pity that after having taken so much pains to select a company of real artistic strength, Mr. Mansfield should let its respective members go. Mr. Mansfield is a very clever actor, and one of the very few artists on the stage to-day, but he is mistaken if he imagines he does not need around him the best actors obtainable. We have seen so many instances where stars of international fame have failed to please the public simply because they had inadequate support. Theatre-goers are not satisfied with the "one-man" performance.

The difficulty which has arisen concerning the dramatization of J. M. Barrie's well-known novel, "The Little Minister," is rather curious. In the days when a dollar meant more to Mr. Barrie than it does to-day he sold to an American firm of publishers all his American rights to the book for a very trifling sum. These publishers claim that their contract, which, by the way, has been lost, read "all rights," which, if true, would, of course, include the dramatic rights. It was on this understanding that A. M. Palmer—whose attention toward the book as material for a good play was attracted many months ago—began negotiations with the American publishers instead of with Mr. Barrie, the author. Meantime, Charles Frohman went to London, and Mr. Barrie, it appears, has sold the American rights to that manager. The question now remains: Who has the rights to sell—Barrie or the American publishers? Before this is decided neither Palmer nor Frohman can, of course, produce the piece.

The same publishers own the American rights to Anthony Hope's novel, "Mr. Witt's Widow,"

dramatization of which, prepared for E. H. Sothern, is announced for production here. It is likely, so I am informed, that the American publishers will also put in a claim to royalties on this play.

A. M. Palmer has concluded arrangements with E. J. Henley whereby that actor is to be featured in a New York revival of "The Price of Silence." This play, which is an adaptation of a German piece known as "The Blackmail-er," was produced by Mr. Palmer several seasons ago in the West, and Mr. Henley made a hit as the disreputable brother who demands a price for his silence concerning a family scandal. This will be the first appearance in public of Mr. Henley since 1894, when he had to retire temporarily from the stage on account of his voice, the use of which he lost almost completely. Mr. Henley is too good an actor for theatre-goers to have forgotten him, and this announcement of his immediate return to the boards will be welcomed by everybody.

It is not, I think, generally known that E. J. Henley and Albert Chevalier, the famous coster singer, and Fred Edwards, the stage-manager, were school-boys together in England thirty years ago and more. Recently they all met accidentally on this side of the Atlantic, and are once more the warmest of friends. It is rather curious how each of the three, unknown to the others, adopted the same profession and succeeded in different branches of it.

That fine actress, Minnie Maddern Fiske, will resume her tour this season and add at least two new plays to her already extensive repertory. One is an adaptation of a German play by Olga Wolbrueck, entitled "The Right to Happiness," and the second is a dramatization of Thomas Hardy's well-known novel, "Tess of the d'Urbervilles," which should make an excellent play. I fear that "The Right to Happiness" will prove a little too German for American audiences, but Mrs. Fiske, who is unquestionably one of the most intelligent actresses we have on the English-speaking stage, may be depended upon to get out of the piece all there is in it.

ARTHUR HORNBLOW.

Li Hung Chang.

FOUR years ago, while talking with Viceroy Li Hung Chang in his palace at Tien-Tsin, I suggested that a trip to the United States and a visit to the then coming Chicago exposition would undoubtedly prove of great interest to him. "I do not doubt that it would," he answered, "but a man of my age cannot think of undertaking such a journey. It would be madness." A few days later, with the help of the United States consul, Colonel Bowman, and of the vice-consul, I showed to Li Hung Chang and his family stereopticon views of all the large cities and all the places of interest between New York and San Francisco. He was amazed at those showing the elevated railroads and the big buildings of Chicago. When the Masonic Temple came on the screen, and I



LI HUNG CHANG.

From a photograph taken August 29th.

counted twenty stories between the street and the roof, the viceroy exclaimed that he would like to believe what I said and what he thought he could see, but it really seemed impossible.

I wonder whether he remembered these views when he first arrived at this port. He must have been more than surprised to find that what once seemed to him dreams of fevered imagination was, after all, a reality.

It seems strange that a man who three years ago considered it an impossibility to travel to America should suddenly have changed his mind and traveled all around the world. It is supposed by many that he undertook this trip in order to try to regain some of the prestige and influence which he had partially lost on account of the war with Japan. Whether this is the reason or not, we must recognize that nothing could have done more to increase his popularity to-day and assure his fame in the future than this triumphal journey to the great nations of the world. It is very likely that the remembrance of the glorious reception given to

his friend, General Grant, and the assurances of the foreign diplomats at Peking that he would be just as well received, had much to do in deciding him to leave China.

It is only right that we should have given him here as grand a welcome as was possible. Although, from the point of view of a Chinaman, he has many grievances against the United States and feels very bitter on the question of the Exclusion bill, he has always entertained the most friendly feelings toward us. They date from the time of his meeting with General Grant, to whom he gave the grandest reception ever granted a foreigner in China. Since then he has on all occasions shown an interest in all that is American. The tutor of his children is a Mr. Tenney, secretary interpreter of our consulate, and one of his most trusty advisers and friends, has been for many years our vice-consul. Not only for these reasons was it most proper that he should be received with great honors by our government, but also because it is quite natural that the most progressive nation in the world should welcome the man who for forty years has struggled against all the official classes of his country for the introduction of Western civilization in China—the man who has protected our missionaries, our diplomats, and our travelers. It is only just and right that he who honored a great American soldier and statesman should also be honored here—he, the greatest living man in a nation of four hundred millions of people, of which he has been for forty years practically the ruler.

That his influence in his country is still very great, not to say supreme, is easily proved by the royal manner in which he has been received by the governments of Europe, who, through their ministers in Peking, know that whatever he says will still go very far. Indeed, it is not simply because Li Hung Chang is a great man that he has been so magnificently entertained. Governments are not generally sentimental, but very selfish, and Russia, France, Germany, and England were more than anxious to please the extraordinary ambassador, and each was desirous of impressing him with the fact that it was the most powerful country on earth. They all remembered that in the last thirty years all the large orders given by China for arms, ammunition, men-of-war, machinery of all kinds, had come from Li Hung Chang, and it is more than likely that orders amounting to millions of dollars will soon be coming, for the Chinese empire needs a new navy. It is also believed that Li Hung Chang and the bright, clever, progressive young men who are with him will make a great effort to open China more to Western civilization, to increase its foreign commercial relations, and to reorganize its army.

Millions and millions of dollars were made by foreigners in Japan when that country was thrown open to civilization thirty years ago. Fifty times more millions will be made in China, which is fifty times larger and a hundred times richer than Japan. It is to be sincerely hoped that Li Hung Chang's visit will have the effect of increasing both the friendly and commercial relations of China and the United States.

I heard many a diplomat, who knew Li Hung Chang, exclaim after the Japan-China war: "What a pity Li did not die a year ago!" They all seemed to think that China vanquished meant the dishonor of the viceroy. It seems to me, on the contrary, that one of the most beautiful and interesting chapters of Li's life was the very one these men regretted. Sad, very sad indeed, it was to see the great viceroy, whose troops had always been victorious while defending the imperial government against rebels, going as a representative of that poor, vanquished, humiliated China to beg for terms of peace from its conquerors. But Li behaved himself so nobly, so magnificently, that he forced the admiration of his enemies themselves. And when the bullet of a would-be assassin struck him in the head, the sympathies of the whole civilized world left the Japanese victors to go to the wounded statesman. His conduct then, and the courage and energy which this man of seventy-four years of age showed after the war in his efforts to save China from utter ruin, are simply admirable.

It would be most interesting to us to know how all the wonderful things Li Hung Chang saw during his trip around the world impressed him. Of most of them he had never even dreamed. Had a photograph of his brain been taken with the X rays before he left Tien-Tsin, and could another photograph be taken upon his return, I feel quite sure that they would greatly differ. No one, of course, can tell how the viceroy has been impressed by what he saw, but let us hope he has been sufficiently well impressed with us to order a few men-of-war in this country.

A. B. DE GUERVILLE.

AT THE TOMB OF GRANT.

The visit of Li Hung Chang to the tomb of General Grant was undoubtedly the most impressive and interesting incident of his sojourn in this city. This visit was made on Sunday last, the viceroy being accompanied by General

Ruger, Colonel Grant, and a few other persons. The affair was entirely informal, but lacked nothing of dignity on that account. There was an immense concourse of spectators at Claremont, where the tomb is located, who manifested the greatest interest in the visitor. On reaching the tomb the ambassador was carried by four policemen, in a chair brought for the purpose, to the mouth of the vault, passing through a body of infantry who lined the approaches. The door of the vault being opened, Li Hung Chang entered it, taking a wreath of smilax, laurel, and yellow and white orchids, and followed only by Colonel Grant and his son, General Horace Porter, and the interpreter. Placing the wreath upon the sarcophagus, the distinguished visitor stood in silence with bowed head. Presently he entered into conversation, expressing his great admiration of Grant as a man and as a soldier, and making many inquiries as to the character of the mortuary testimonial which had been erected by the nation, its cost, etc. He said that one of the principal things he had in contemplation, in his plans for coming to this country, was this visit to the tomb of his old friend. He had had it constantly in mind, he said, from the time he left China. General Porter answered appropriately, saying that the American people were most grateful to him for his subscription of five hundred dollars, which was one of the earliest received after the plans for building the mausoleum had been formulated.

Upon departing, he made a low and ceremonious bow before the sarcophagus, and upon reaching the platform at the mouth of the vault, repeated this farewell tribute. Subsequently, he visited Mrs. Grant, and in conversation with her remarked that each year since the general's death he had sent a wreath to the Chinese minister at Washington, who, at his command, had laid it in the Grant vault.

AMATEUR ATHLETICS

Wrenn again Lawn-Tennis Champion.

FOR the first time in the history of lawn tennis in America the title of champion of the country has been regained by a player—to wit, R. D. Wrenn—who in 1893 won from Ollie Campbell by default, the next year defended

(Continued on page 175.)

A New Plant that Cures Asthma.

MEDICAL science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the wonderful Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, West Virginia, writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair in Hay-fever season, being unable to lie down night or day. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To make the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Company, of 1164 Broadway, New York, to make it known, are sending out large cases of the Kola compound free to sufferers from Asthma. All they ask in return is that when cured yourself you will tell your neighbors about it. Send your name and address on a postal-card, and they will send you a large case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.

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Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leaven

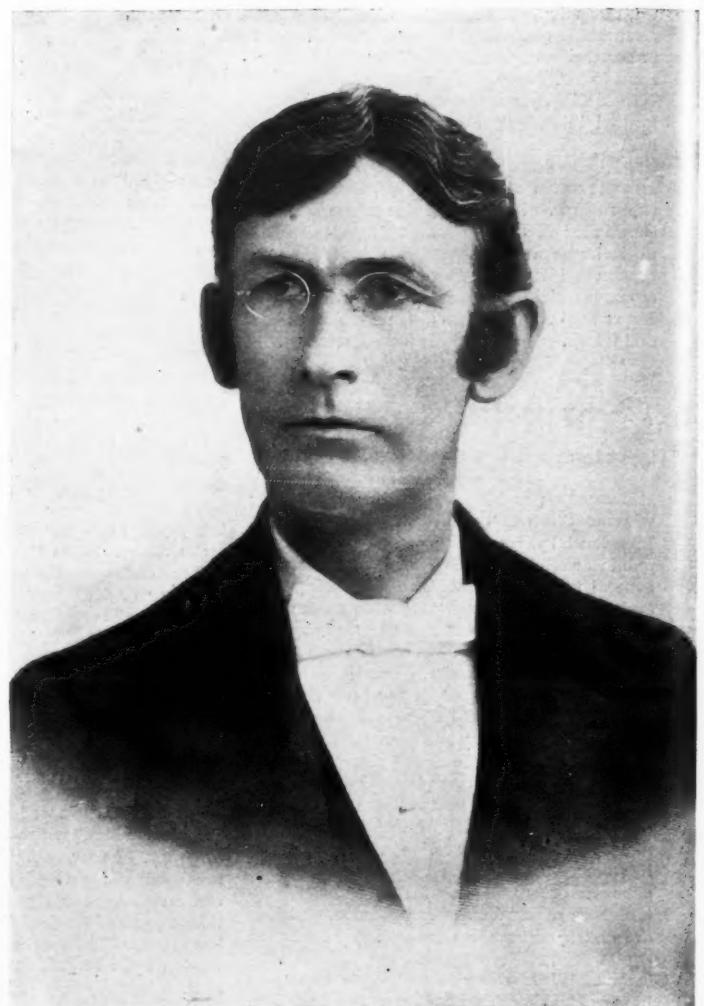
—Latest United

States Government Food Report.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.



MRS. MARY E. LEASE, THE KANSAS NEW WOMAN.—DRAWN BY V. GRIBAYÉDOFF.
[SEE PAGE 170.]



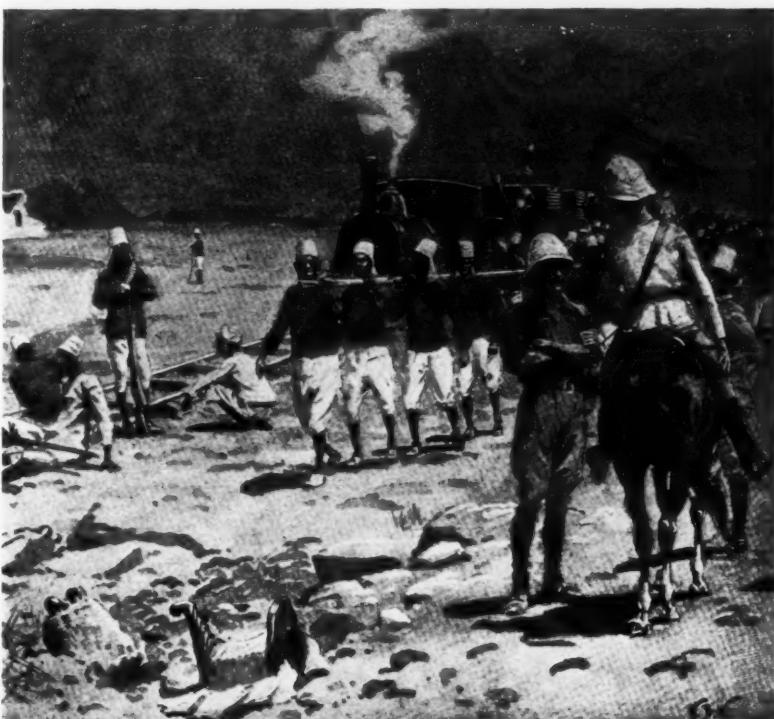
HON. FRANK S. BLACK, REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.—COURTESY OF TROY DAILY TIMES.—[SEE PAGE 167.]



THE VANDERBILT-WHITNEY WEDDING AT NEWPORT—WATCHING THE ARRIVALS AT "THE BREAKERS," THE VANDERBILT RESIDENCE.
PHOTOGRAPH BY J. BURTON.
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A CHOLERA CAMP OF THE ENGLISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE IN THE SOUDAN.
Illustrated London News.



MEN OF THE BRITISH EXPEDITION IN THE SOUDAN LAYING A RAILWAY
THROUGH A BATTLE-FIELD.—*Illustrated London News.*



LI HUNG CHANG'S VISIT TO MR. GLADSTONE AT HAWARDEN CASTLE.
Illustrated London News.



THE "FOX," AN EIGHTEEN-FOOT ROWING-BOAT WHICH RECENTLY CROSSED
THE ATLANTIC.—*Illustrated London News.*



THE TROUBLE IN CRETE—CHRISTIAN INSURGENTS DEFENDING THEMSELVES AGAINST AN ATTACK OF THE TURKISH TROOPS IN THE MOUNTAINS NEAR CANEA.—*Illustrated London News.*

Rowing Across
the Atlantic.

We give on another page a picture of the *Fox*, an eighteen-foot rowing-boat in which two Norwegians, George Harbo and Frank Samuelson, naturalized citizens of the United States, have just crossed the Atlantic. They set out from New York provided with five pairs of oars, provisions for sixty days, and six gallons of oil for cooking purposes and the calming of the mighty ocean, if it should rage unduly while they were upon the voyage. Every day during their voyage they were at the oars together, making an average speed of two miles an hour, and they only rested for an hour at each of the three meals. The night was divided into watches, and while the one slept the other still labored at the oars. Five and a half hours was each man's total of sleep during the night, so that each must have been rowing for close on sixteen hours of the twenty-four. The first part of the voyage was very stormy, and there were three heavy gales. In the last of these the *Fox* capsized, and a great part of the provisions was lost. However, the boat righted, and a Norwegian vessel that was fortunately met with soon afterward gave the voyagers a fresh supply of food. Then, with western winds favoring them, they steered upon their course, making for St. Mary's Gulf, where they arrived in safety five and fifty days after the start.

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Amateur Athletics.

(Continued from page 171.)

the title successfully from the challenger, Goodbody, and in 1895 lost to F. H. Hovey, who in turn succumbed to Wrenn on Saturday, August 25th.

Since the championship has been played for at Newport the attendance has never equaled that of the present year, when some three thousand people crowded about the scene of play. This fact speaks eloquently for the high place which the game continues to hold in popular favor. It is certain, though, that the unusual crowd of sport-loving people was due in a large measure to Wrenn's gallant and successful struggle in the all-comers. The fine tennis which he played against Carr Neel and Larned was a guarantee of his making Champion Hovey extend himself to the very limit. So the people turned out *en masse*, perfectly sure of a good and exciting day's sport.

Hovey by no means disgraced himself, for, all in all, he played more tennis of the star order than Wrenn. The following analysis of the match shows this in part:

	Wrenn.	Hovey.
Placed balls.....	33	82
Points on opponent's nets.....	52	16
Points on opponent's outs.....	61	37
Points on opponent's double fault.....	5	2
	151	137

Thus it will be seen that Hovey outplaced Wrenn very decidedly, and the clever manner in which he did it was certainly great tennis.

Where Wrenn won was on his greater accuracy, he only making fifty-three errors of this kind to one hundred and thirteen for Hovey.

It was quite evident all through the match that whereas Wrenn did the better the more he tried to be careful, Hovey made an out or a net the majority of times that he attempted a deliberate play.

In other words, when Hovey tried his hardest to play good tennis he failed; when Wrenn tried he succeeded gloriously; and right here an important difference is to be noted in the make-up of two crack players; but the make-up of Wrenn is the only one of the true champion order.

The past has shown that Hovey never could play his best in the national tournament when the best was required to win. He had an easy thing in defeating Wrenn last year, because Wrenn was all out of shape for even ordinary play. This year, though, Hovey showed more steadiness than ever before, and with any falling off in Wrenn's even work would probably have won, inasmuch as the first set went against him when he had it all but won. Another point added to his score in the tenth game would have given him the set, 6-4. As it was, Wrenn won, 7-5. Hovey pulled out the second, 6-3, and in the fourth made the match even up by winning, 6-1.

The third set went to Wrenn, 6-0, who had things all his own way, and won out before Hovey realized that the game was on.

Summing up Wrenn's work during the tournament, it shows the player to be possessed of the endurance of an animal, the nerve of an Ives, the will of a Napoleon, and the athletic make-up of a champion all-round man.



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Wrenn by winning the third time secures permanent possession of the championship cup, a masterpiece of great value. He also secures the All-comers' Prize Cup, another valuable affair, and besides is credited with one win toward the trophy offered by the Newport Casino.

Comparing Wrenn's play with that of Larned and Hovey, while the former seems to be stimulated to greater and keener effort the more important the occasion, the latter pair might be likened to the fellow who is always smashing records in practice, but fails miserably when something is up—even a two-dollar bill—and many people are looking on.

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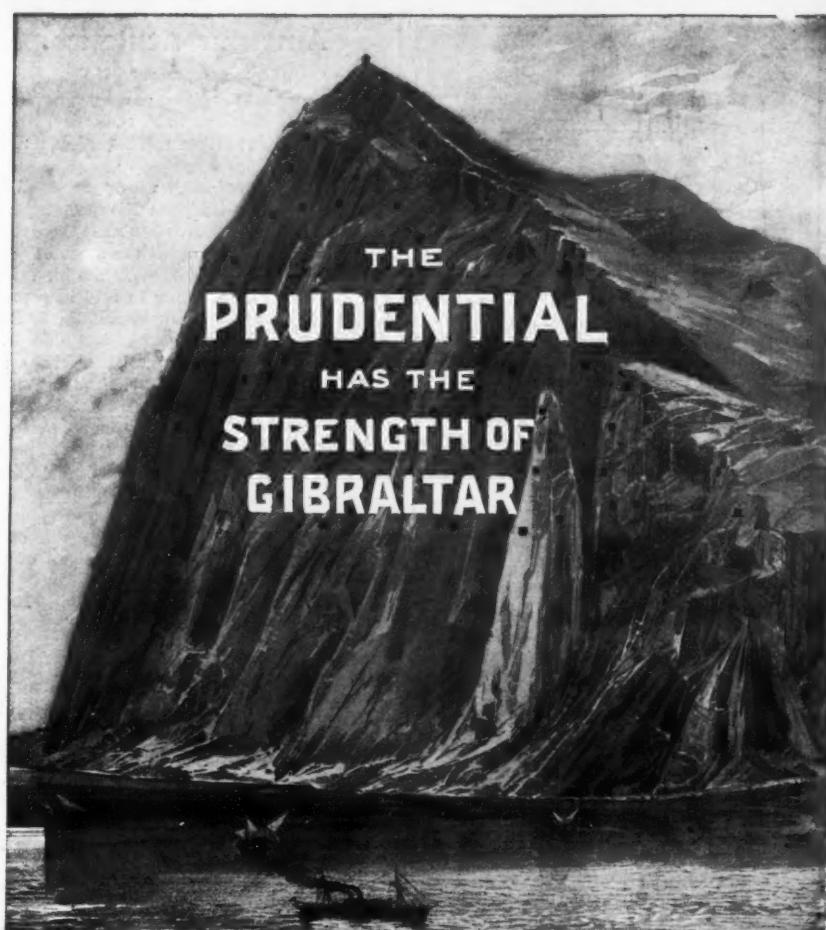
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